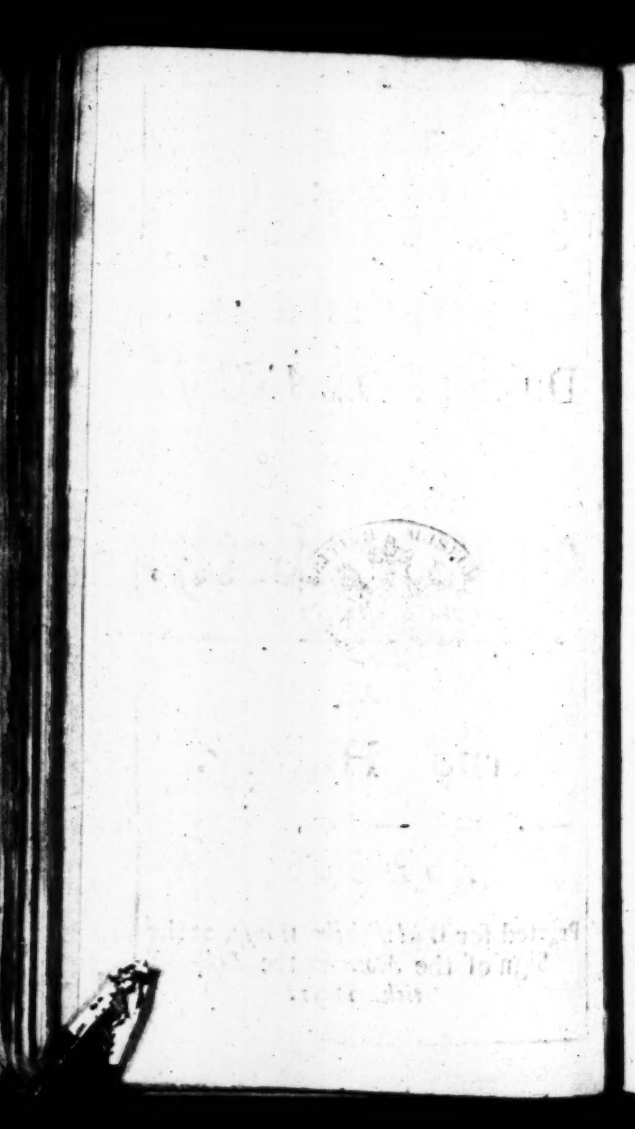
THE
Secret History
OF THE
Duke of *ALANCON*
AND
Q. Elizabeth.

A
True History.

LONDON,

Printed for *Will with the Whisp*, at the Sign of the *Moon* in the *Ecliptick*. 1691.



THE DUKE OF ALANÇON.

THERE are few men, who have not heard ſpeak of *Catharine de Medicis*. They all know, that this Princeſs, who was without doubt one of the moſt politick Women of the Age, was alſo one of the moſt Ambitious.

One of the things that ſhe moſt heartily deſired, was to put a Crown upon the head of every one of her Children. *Charles* the Ninth, her eldeſt Son living, was

already King of *France*, and the Duke of *Anjou*, King of *Poland*; there remained only the Duke of *Alançon* to be Crowned. The particular Affection which ſhe always bore towards that Prince, made her moſt eagerly deſire his Settlement. When the ſudden death of *Charles* the Ninth, recalling the Duke of *Anjou* from *Poland*, ſhe believed it would be eaſie for her to have his place ſupplied by the Duke of *Alançon*. But the *Polanders* fearing, leſt the Duke ſhould one day abandon them, according to his Brother's Example, they caſt their Eyes upon *Stephen Bathori*, Prince of *Tranſilvania*, who had entred *Poland* at the head of ſome Troops which he had got together.

Catharine ſaw her ſelf then obliged to take other meaſures, to make her deſigns ſucceſsful; ſhe was not long without finding new Expedients. She had one of thoſe intrigueing

intriguеing Spirits, that ſeem to rouſe themſelves at Obſtacles, and never fail of Inventions to bring about what they have once undertaken.

Elizabeth reigned then in *England*. She had for a long time lured all the Princes of *Europe* with the hopes of eſpouſing them, although at the bottom, ſhe was reſolved never to come to a concluſion of a Marriage, which would give her a Maſter in the Perſon of a Husband; and would weaken at leaſt an Authority, which ſhe too well loved, to be willing to ſhare it with any other.

But whereas ſhe was extreamly Politick, and took delight in attracting Courtſhip, which the knowledge of her deſign had made her loſe, ſhe was careful to keep it very ſecret, and it was not diſcovered until a long time after.

Catharine of *Medicis*, for all her Policy, fell into the Net. She be-

ieved that the eaſieſt way to accompliſh her end, was to marry the Duke of *Alançon* to *Elizabeth*. Although ſhe had her Agents and Penſioners in all Courts, ſhe omitted not to ſend expreſly into *England* a Gentleman named *du Lac*, for whom the Duke of *Alançon* always had a great deal of Friendſhip. She joined to the knowledge which ſhe had of his Fidelity and Addreſs, all the Inſtructions neceſſary for the managing of ſo delicate an Affair. He made the Overture of it to *Elizabeth*, in a private Audience that he obtained of her. She ſeemed to hearken to his propoſals with pleaſure. She expreſſed a great deal of acknowledgment for *Catharine*, much eſteem for the Duke of *Alançon*, and an extream deſire to ſee him. He gave her to underſtand, that it would make too great a noiſe to undertake a Journey without other precautions.

After

After ſome difficulties, ſhe aſſented to all the Aſſurances that were exacted from her, well knowing, that ſhe ſhould never want a pretence to colour a rupture at her need.

Catharine, whom a blind paſſion for her Son's advancement, had deprived of part of her uſual penetration, was the firſt that ſuffered her ſelf to be ſurprized by *Elizabeth*; and the Duke of *Alançon* was not ſorry to remove from the Court of *France*, which was then full of troubles and diviſions, to go and take poſſeſſion of a peaceable Crown, which they made him hope for in *England*.

But before we paſs further, it is neceſſary to ſay ſomething of the Perſons, that are to have place in this Hiſtory.

Elizabeth had been fair enough in her Youth; but her Beauty was then near declining, and her remaining Charms would have

been weak enough, had they not been accompanied by those of a Crown.

The Earl of *Leicester* was at once the Queens Lover and Favourite, but his favour was publick, his passion secret.

His Ambition was insensibly degenerated into Love, or rather into a certain Complaisance, that wrought in him almost the same effects, as a tye of another nature; and a bond so strait as that, which he had with the Queen, did so agreeably flatter his Vanity, that he became capable of all the motions, which the most violent passions do usually inspire. He flattered himself, as many others did, with the hopes of Marrying the Queen: And she her self was pleased to keep him in that Errour, either because she would tye him more strongly to her interests, or because she was glad to make with him a tryal of those

Artifices

Artifices, which she intended to make use of upon other occasions.

The Imprisonment of *Mary Stuart*, whom she on suspicion had caused to be arrested, when she came into her Countreys to seek for protection, against the persecution of her Rebellions Subjects, had gained her so many Enemies, that had dissimulation not been natural unto her, the necessity she had would have taught her the use of it. So hard an usage had exasperated all the Princes of *Europe* against her. So that the most refined Policy was not enough to prevent their Resentment. And this was one of the Principal Reasons that had induced her to hearken to, and break so many several proposals of Marriage; never making any difficulty of violating her word, as often as her interest required it.

Her Courtiers, for their part,

ſtood in need of the ſame Artifices, which ſhe her ſelf made uſe of. Her diſtruſtful and ſuſpitious humour continually allarmed and frightned thoſe who were about her. They could not have too much precaution in managing a Woman, who took offence at the leaſt matter; and who did not know what it was to pardon, when ſhe believed her ſelf offended.

The Caſe of the Queen of *Scots* was one of thoſe that they never handled without trembling; but they had yet more meaſures to keep on the account of the Princeſs *Marianna*, who having received from Heaven Qualities like to thoſe of *Mary Stuart*, had alſo the ſame deſtiny, and it ſeemed that *Elizabeth* had a mind to preſerve the Liberties of all men, by depriveing the two faireſt Princeſſes of the Age of theirs; certain Reaſons, which the continuance

ance of this Hiſtory will demonſtrate, gave her yet a greater Jealouſie of this laſt, than of the Queen of *Scots*. To expreſs the leaſt compaſſion for the misfortunes of *Marianna*, was enough to incur the whole hatred of *Elizabeth*. The leaſt ſuſpitions upon this matter paſt with her for averred Crimes, and her miſtruſt eſteemed them, as ſo many attempts againſt her authority, or life. So that flattery and diſſimulation, which are uſual in all Courts, was exceſſive in that. There men were forced to conſider of their words and actions, to ſtudy their looks and motions, to be always diffident of themſelves, and hidden even from their own thoughts.

Such was the Court of *England* when the Duke of *Alançon* arrived there.

The uncertainty of the ſucceſs of his deſign, obliged him to make his

his journey with as little noiſe as he could, and although *Elizabeth* had notice of it, yet it was agreed between her and *du Lac*, that ſhe ſhould pretend not to know it: to the end, that the Prince's arrival might be without any pomp. Beſides, he was willing to ſpare himſelf the Embarraſs of a Ceremony, which is always troubleſom and vexatious to Perſons of his age. He was glad to paſs ſome days in private with *du Lac*, in order to be more preciſely informed of the State of his affairs, and to be inſtructed in the conduct he ought to keep with the Queen, whoſe diſtruſtful and reſerved humour was extreamly difficult to be mannaged; and to take all the meaſures neceſſary for his carriage to a Court, where the part he was to act, would not fail to gain him many Enviers.

He underſtood from this Gentleman, that he had been long

ago

ago expected at Court, that his intended Marriage was generally known there, that the Queen had ſpoke openly of it, and that ſhe had made every thing ready for the conſummation of it; yet for all that, there were ſome People who knew not how to believe it; who looked upon all theſe preparations as a reach of that Princeſs's Policy, and who before hand making gueſſes of the future by her paſt conduct, were aſſured that ſhe would never fail of Expedients, to diſengage her word, when ſhe ſhould judge it convenient; that ſhe would rid her ſelf of the Duke of *Alançon*, as ſhe had done of her other Lovers; and *laſtly*, that this Marriage, which was looked upon as ſo ſecure, would ſtill appear to them uncertain, until ſuch time as they ſaw it entirely finiſhed.

However, I do not ſee, (*added* du Lac) upon what foundations

are

are theſe ſuſpitions grounded. The Queen hath made too publick advances to go back. She hath a greater regard for *France* than to fall out with it. The tricks which ſhe hath played ſome diſtant Princes, or her Favourites, can have no conſequence for the Duke of *Alançon*. In the mean time (*continued he*) you would do well, to get new Engagements from *Elizabeth*, and to carry on the matter ſo far, as that ſhe may find her ſelf in a neceſſity of concluding it.

He ſtuck to this Reſolution, and three days were paſt without the Duke of *Alançon's* appearing; when underſtanding from *du Lac* that there was a Ball to be Danc'd before the Queen, he reſolved to make one in it; an opportunity to do ſo offered it ſelf. The Earl of *Leiceſter*, who was to Dance in it, finding himſelf ill, it was not difficult for the Duke of *Alançon* to

to ſupply his place. Nevertheleſs, it was done without the Queen's knowledge. The Duke being almoſt of the Earl's Shape, was eaſily taken for him, and it was thought that he never Danced with a better Grace in all his Life. The Ball ended, the Queen being in an excellent Humour, would paſs the reſt of the Evening in Divertiſements, and told the pretended Earl, that ſhe would Dance with him. The Dancers were not yet Unmasked. The Duke did not think it proper to diſcover himſelf. 'Tis well known, that a Mask changes the whole ſound of the Voice, ſo that it cannot be known. He therefore made no ſcruple of entertaining the Queen, and of Dancing with her; and his Wit did no leſs Honour the Earl, than his Dancing. But he was very much ſurprized, when Queen *Elizabeth* whiſpered theſe Words in his Ear. *The Duke of* Alançon

is

is come, but let not his Arrival alarm you; you know what I have promiſed you; I will be as good as my word. I leave you to think what Impreſſions theſe words made on the Duke of *Alançon*'s Spirit. He left the Queen abruptly, without giving her any anſwer; and immediately quitting the Room, there wanted little, that he did not depart in a moment after, in order to return to *France*. It is evident (*ſaid he*) that the Queen hath a Deſign quite contrary to what ſhe expreſſes; and ſhall I, ſatisfied as I am, of the Treachery which ſhe contrives, expect the effect of it, without preventing it; and ſhall I render my ſelf a Woman's laughing ſtock, and a Fable to all *Europe*? No, no, thou ſhalt not have the Pleaſure of deceiving me, thou Crafty Princeſs; and I will act ſo, that all the Diſgrace which you deſign for me, ſhall ſerve only

only to cover thy ſelf with confuſion. Nevertheleſs, at the preſſing intreaties of *du Lac*, he aſſented not to precipitate his return, and to take no reſolution until he were more clearly informed of the Queen's intentions.

In the mean time, the Queen grew weary of expecting the Earl's return, and asking the cauſe of this delay, as well as of ſo ſudden a departure, the Dancers of the Ball ſmilingly told her what had paſt, and informed her, that ſhe had taken the Duke of *Alançon* for the Earl of *Leiceſter*.

As Politick as this Princeſs was, it was hard for her to conceal her trouble at this Rencounter: but ſhe dextrouſly caſt the cauſe of it upon the Duke of *Alançon*'s Arrival, which ſhe pretended, that ſhe had not heard of before; and it being already late, the impatience of being alone, made

made her break up the Aſſembly.

As ſoon as ſhe was at liberty, ſhe ſent for the Earl of *Leiceſter*. I expected you with impatience (*Said ſhe unto him, as ſoon as he was come*) to tell you, that the Duke of *Alançon* is arrived: I know that already (*Replied the Earl*) and having underſtood that the Prince intended to Salute your Majeſty this evening, I pretended to be ill, expreſly to ſpare my ſelf the trouble of being a witneſs of his joy and yours. Ah! What cruel Conſequences will that counterfeiting have (*cried out the Queen*) and what ſtrange inquietudes will it give me, without mentioning what it hath made me already ſuffer! Then ſhe informed him of the miſtake which ſhe had made, and repeated to him the ſame words, that ſhe had ſaid to the Duke of *Alançon*. But after ſo uneaſy a manner, with ſo much emotion and trouble, that it was

eaſie for him to perceive the perplexity, which this adventure had put her in. How unhappy am I, (*ſaid ſhe*) how fatal to me is the goodneſs which I had for you? Why did I make ſuch haſte to ſpeak unto you? Had I not other ways enough to diſcover my ſentiments unto you? Why did you ſo unſeaſonably counterfeit your ſelf ſick? Adviſe me at leaſt in the condition wherein I am; what ſhall I do to get out of it? Give me ſome Expedient for that, and draw me out of the Abyſs wherein I have thrown my ſelf becauſe of you.

The Earl of *Leiceſter* knew the Queen; he had great Reaſons to be diffident of her, and upon any other occaſion he would have heard her complaints as a Comedy of her accuſtomed faſhion. But ſhe then ſpoke with too much heat to be ſuſpected of any diſguiſe. He was amorous of her; he ſaw himſelf

himſelf the cauſe of a miſtake ſo vexatious, and found no remedy for it. Madam, (*ſaid he unto her*) I am in deſpair at this accident, and there is nothing which I will not do to repair a fault, wherein I have no other ſhare, than that which my misfortune hath given me. Command me therefore what you pleaſe, (*purſued he*) Madam, I am ready to render you a blind obedience; and I know not whether I had not rather renounce all my hopes, than ſee you thus repent of the goodneſs you have had for me: But, Madam, you would not afflict your ſelf as you do, if you had not a deſire of putting the Duke of *Alançon* into my place. I already take it as an ill Omen of what you have intended for me, and I look upon your miſtake, as the beginning of a misfortune that I have always apprehended. Your ſuſpicions are ſo unjuſt (*replied the Queen*) that you

you deſerve to be confirmed in them. Have I not an hundred times promiſed you never to Marry the Duke of *Alançon*? Have I not imparted to you all the Reaſons which obliged me to hearken to the propoſals of that Marriage, and don't you know all the meaſures I have taken to break it, when it ſhall be time? Why then do you allarm your ſelf, and what reaſon have you to fear? Ah Madam; (*interrupted the Earl,*) if I have no Reaſon to be allarmed, you have much leſs to be afflicted at it; and if it be true, as your Majeſty aſſures me, that you have no deſire to marry that Prince, you ſhould be glad that chance hath informed him of that which he muſt have one day known, and that it hath ſpared you the pains of confeſſing it.

How ſtrange are you, *replied the Queen*, and how little do you ſee the conſequence of affairs. I confeſs,

confeſs, and it is true, that it never was my intention to marry the Duke of *Alançon*; but I was not willing that he ſhould perceive it, or rather I was willing that he ſhould complain of Fortune, and not of me; and I was in hopes that time would furniſh me with Expedients enough, to diſengage my ſelf honourably of my word, without the Aſſiſtance of ſuch an Adventure. But I ſee all my meaſures are broken: The Prince will by my words gueſs at the Engagements which I have with you. He will carry on his conjectures as far as he pleaſes, and will ſpare nothing to preſerve his own reputation, at the expence of mine. How ſhall I be able to reſolve to ſee him? How ſhall I bear the ſecret reproaches his Preſence will make me? Shall I have the confidence to continue my diſguiſes, after having ſo Imprudently diſcovered them? And can I reſolve

reſolve to deceive his hopes, after having flattered them, by advances made ſo publickly? What will not be ſaid of ſo capricious a conduct? To what won't his indignation provoke him? What ought I not to fear from his Revenge? Her Melancholly made her ſay much more; and perceiving that the Earl, who feared to exaſperate her, hearkned to her without making any anſwer. You ſay nothing to me (*ſays ſhe to him, half in anger*) and you are at eaſe, while I am ſo cruelly tormented for your ſake. Ah! Madam (*ſaid he unto her, with a mournful voice*) what anſwer would you have me give you? I am much more afflicted than you, but you are a thouſand times more able than my ſelf, and it is you only that can find out the Expedient you demand from me. Nevertheleſs, you have a greater intereſt than you imagine to ſeek it (*replied the Queen, making*

making him a ſign to withdraw) remember only that my reputation lies at ſtake, and that I will leave nothing undone, to let the Duke of *Alançon* know, that I had no deſire to deceive him.

Theſe words put the Earl on a rack. He preſently penetrated into all their meaning; yet he durſt not reply to them: And perceiving that the Queen was unwilling to hear him any longer, he withdrew in an agitation of Spirit much greater than hers.

But the Duke of *Alançon* was in torments much more ſevere. Ambition alone cauſed in his heart the ſame diſorders, as the moſt violent love, by making him regard the Earl of *Leiceſter's* pretended happineſs, with as much jealouſie, as if he had been as amorous of the Queen's Perſon, as he was of her Crown. Moreover he found himſelf horribly perplext, what way he was to take: It appeared to

to him equally disgraceful to return into *France*, or to stay in *England*. He saw no probability of success, by becoming the Queen's declared Lover, after the discovery he had made of the treachery she intended for him; but he could yet less resolve to lose in one moment the hopes that had so agreeably flattered him, and to remove himself so speedily from a place where he had promised to himself so great advantages: besides, the interest of his Reputation did not permit him to abandon his pretensions, which were known to all the World, and which the Queen had publickly supported. For though the Queen's falseness had extreamly justified his Conduct: yet he did not think it very honourable for him to discover it. He esteemed it a matter of too much disgrace for him, to see a man, whose birth was very

much beneath his own, preferred before him, and the Queen's engagement with the Earl of *Leiceſter*, ſeemed to him more capable of deſtroying his Reputation, than to defend it.

All theſe different Reflections did ſo divide his Spirit, that it was impoſſible for him to fix upon any one Reſolution, and perceiving that what ſide ſoever he might chuſe, he ſtill would be reduced to vexatious extremities, he could not poſſibly divine which would be the leaſt fatal to him.

He was in this tormenting irreſolution, when word was brought him that the Marqueſs of *Lanſton* deſired to viſit him from the Queen. He was one of the greateſt Lords of the Realm. Queen *Elizabeth* had expreſly choſen him, to do the Duke of *Alançon* the greater honour, to whom ſhe ſent him to make her Complements.

This

This Civility, which the Duke did not then expect, put him into a new confusion, out of which he had time to recover himself, while the Marques spoke to him.

But having perceived that he entertained him almost after a manner, as if he had been already on the Throne, his despight presently furnish'd him with an answer, which he believed himself obliged to maintain in the consequence. I know not (*said he to him, looking upon him with an Air cold enough*) whether it be by the Queen's order that you talk to me as you do, or if it be an honour which I owe to your self alone; but from whence soever it proceeds, you will pleasure me very much, not to carry it on any farther: I will not fall into the Net you spread for me. The Crown of *England* is not made for my head; 'tis too fast upon *Elizabeth*'s for me to

pretend unto it; and when it will pleaſe her to ſhare it, I know very well that it will not be upon me whom ſhe will caſt her eyes. He had, it may be, have ſaid more, if he had not been interrupted by ſeveral other Lords, who came one after another to make their Court to him, as to a Prince, whom they already regarded as their King. He had a good mind to be alone, and the preſent diſpoſition of his Spirit did not at all ſuit with ſo numerous a Company; but there was no way to get rid of them. What tormented him the more, was, that his pretended Marriage made the Subject of all their Complements: They believed that they infinitely pleaſed him by wiſhing him joy of it. Nevertheleſs, he came very ſucceſsful off; and he made appear, in all his Conduct, as much Civility as Prudence.

But

But this was not all, he must see the Queen. They had already told him that she expected him, and it was impossible for him to delay any longer that first visit. He was presently dress't, and the richness of his Habit giving a fresh Lustre to his good Meen, he appeared in the Eyes of all the *English* Court, the most worthy Prince in the World to Command it.

The Duke was then in the Flower of his Age, Handsome, Well-shap'd, Gallant, and Magnificent: These Qualities were supported by that Behaviour, and those charming Manners, which distinguish the Princes of *France* from all others, and Fortune could not cast her Eyes upon a Subject, who better deserved the Present she seemed to have a longing desire to make him.

The great number of Lords,

who were come to visit him, accompanied him even to the Palace, through an incredible Crowd of People, who were assembled together to see him.

The Queen came to receive him on the Stair-head, followed by all the Ladies of the Court. The beginning of this enterview pass'd in Ceremony, and Complements; but there was so much coldness observed in the Duke of *Alançon*, and something so strained and unnatural in the procedure of *Elizabeth*, that even those who were the least penetrating, did not fail to make ill-bodeing conjectures.

But they were much more surprised, when the Duke of *Alançon*, prosecuting the part which he had begun to act with the Marquess of *Lanston*, and believing his Honour concerned, to let the Queen understand, that he was aware of her Artifices, told her

(*after having saluted her*) that he was extreamly surpriſed at the extraordinary Reception ſhe made for him, and that he expected not ſo much Honour, where he had been glad to have paſſed *Incognito*.

Theſe words proved a mortal blow to the Queen's Policy; ſhe grew pale; ſhe bluſhed, and her trouble appeared to the Eyes of the whole Court. The Marqueſs of *Lanſton* had not had any time to give her an account of his Converſation with the Duke of *Alançon*, ſo that ſhe was till then ignorant of his Sentiments; but hearing him ſpeak after that manner, ſhe doubted not, but that he had diſtinctly heard every word that ſhe had ſaid unto him the Evening before. And that he had drawn thence thoſe conſequences which ſhe had all along apprehended. Nevertheleſs, ſhe recovered her ſelf as well as ſhe could, and looking upon

the Duke with a forced ſmile, *ſhe ſaid to him*, Sir, you will be pleaſed to pardon me, if I anſwer not a Raillery I do not underſtand. I hope you will do me the favour to explain theſe Riddles ſome other time. In the interim, give me leave to complain a little of the ſurpriſe you made me laſt night. I know not, Madam (*replied the Duke*) whether you have reaſon to complain of it; but I confeſs unto you, that I am not ſorry I made it. He would have continued his diſcourſe, but the Queen, fearing leſt he ſhould ſay too much, interrupted him immediately; and making haſte to conclude a Converſation, which ſeemed to her too nice to be publick, ſhe dextrouſly changed it, by pretending to be impatient to hear News from the *French* Court. She asked him ſeveral different Queſtions, to which the Prince anſwered with that pleaſant-

ſantneſs which was natural unto him, and though he did not endeavour to pleaſe, yet he entertained her with ſo much Wit, that, all exaſperated as ſhe was at the freedom with which he had ſpoken to her at the firſt, ſhe could not but eſteem him (as indeed he was) the moſt amiable Prince in the World.

The greateſt part of the Day was given to divertiſements. The Queen had cauſed a ſumptuous Treat to be prepared, accompanied with an excellent Conſort of Muſick. There was nothing forgot that might make the Duke of *Alançon* believe, that the Court of *France* was not the moſt magnificent, and moſt Gallant of all the Courts of *Europe*.

They ſate ſo long at Table, that it began to be pretty late when they aroſe. That day happened to be one of the faireſt of the

Spring, and the pleaſantneſs of the Seaſon inviting of it ſelf to walk, the Queen led the Duke of *Alançon* into the Palace Garden, on pretence of ſhewing him its Beauties; but indeed it was the more eaſily to find an occaſion of entertaining him at Liberty, and of taking from him the impreſſions which the laſt night's Adventure had given him. The Duke, who had no leſs deſire to open himſelf to the Queen, gave her his hand with joy. As ſoon as they ſaw themſelves far enough off from the Company who followed them, ſo as that they could not be overheard: The deſign which both had, not permitting them to entertain each other with indifferent matters; beſides, neither knowing how to begin a diſcourſe of the Nature of that which they had [illegible] make each other, they were for ſome time ſilent, of which they

they easily divined the cause. But the Queen, fearing, to let slip so favourable an opportunity, did at length break the Ice, and looking upon the Duke with an Air perplexed enough, Perhaps, Sir, *said she unto him*, that I had better stay until you declare your sentiments to me, before I discover my own to you; and, without doubt, it will appear extraordinary unto you, that in the first Conversation I have with you, I discourse unto you with the same freedom, as if I had been acquainted with you all my life; but the Obligations which I have to *France*, those which I have to you in particular, and the singular Esteem which I have for your Person, sufficiently justifie a Conduct, (which without all these reasons would appear fantastick enough) and well deserve that I remit in your favour, some part of those con-

conſiderations, to which both my Rank and my Sex would engage me upon any other occaſion. I doubt not then (*continued ſhe, without giving him any time to interrupt her*) but that the miſtake, which you made me make laſt night, hath caſt you into an error very vexatious to me, and hath given you cauſe to make very diſadvantagious judgments of my Conduct. I foreſaw this before you came hither, and your words have throughly convinced me. I do not condemn your ſuſpicions, how unjuſt ſoever they may be, they fail not to ſeem reaſonable, and I confeſs that all the appearances are againſt me. But as ſoon as I ſhall have told you the reaſons of thoſe Engagements, which my indiſcretion hath already diſcovered unto you; I hope that you will do me more juſtice, than you have yet done; and if I appear not altogether innocent, that you will find me much

much leſs Criminal than you thought me. As ſhe ended theſe words, they were at the entrance of an Arbour of *Jaſſemins*, wherein there were Seats of Turf, upon which they Seated themſelves, and thoſe who followed them, judging, that they deſired not to be interrupted, gave the Queen the Liberty to proſecute her diſcourſe after this manner.

It is ſo difficult for a Woman to maintain her ſelf all alone upon a Throne, as that I have always regarded Marriage as a thing abſolutely neceſſary for the Eſtabliſhment of my Authority. I have made no Secret of my Deſign: A Crown always communicates part of its Charms to thoſe who wear it, and the ſplendor of mine hath concealed my imperfections from thoſe who have been dazled with it. The Earl of Leiceſter *appeared to me the moſt Conſiderable of his Birth, which is from one of the moſt Ancient Families*

of

of the Realm: His great Riches, and above all, the Support of the Parliament, which protects him, did flatter his hopes too much to be quite and clean rejected. I did believe my self therefore obliged to hearken to him a little more favourably than to others, in order to prevent the mischievous Consequences, which a manifest Resistance would infallibly have drawn upon me. I will not stick upon the particulars of several Circumstances, which might be of use for my Justification: All that I can say unto you is, that the measures I had to keep with those who were his Supporters, were the Reasons that I kept too little with himself. My Complaisance deceived him, and his Ambition blinding him, he easily mistook all things, that proceeded only form a Policy I thought necessary to secure my Crown, *for the signs of a true and real Passion. There wanted*

wanted nothing more to make him hope for all things. This bold young Man relying upon the ſtrength and number of his Party, as well as upon my own Weakneſs, believed that he needed not to wait any longer, to carry on his temerity to the utmoſt. Pardon me, Madam, (ſaid he unto me one day) *if I preſume to declare my ſelf unto you, otherwiſe than by my Submiſſions and uſual Reſpects. 'Tis becauſe you underſtand not their Language, or rather becauſe you pretend not to underſtand it, that I am forced to add my Preſumption to them, as their Interpreter.*

I ſtopt his mouth for that time; and being unwilling, for the reaſons that I have told you, to break with him, I would ſpare my ſelf the trouble of an anſwer, either too mild or too rough, I therefore feigned to regard his tranſport, as a Gallantry without any conſe-

quence,

quence, and only laught at it. In the mean time, I began to repent for having made such advances, and I plainly saw that I should be often exposed to the like vexations. Nevertheless there was no other way for me to take, than that of continuing my disguise until I had found a plausible pretence, and a favourable opportunity to discover my self. It was much about that time that the Queen your Mother made me the first overtures of the design, that hath brought you into this Realm. I hearkned unto them so much the more joyfully, as that they appeared to me the most fit means in the World, to deliver me from the restless condition wherein I was. There was no probability that the Earl would enter into a Competition with you, or that I could be blamed for having preferred a great Prince before a simple

ple Favourite. But as it had been dangerous to make desperate immediately a Man who believed himself so near the Throne, and whose credit rendred him formidable; I thought it necessary to entertain him in his errours until I had brought matters to that pass, as that he should be no longer in a condition to give me any trouble. It was to that end, that I was willing to let him understand, that the reports that were spread abroad ought not to allarm him; and last night, taking you for him, I told you, what I believed was proper to tell him.

Though there was some truth in the Queen's words, and that she did her utmost endeavours to put on the perswasive air of sincerity, yet the Duke of *Alançon* gave no great credit to them, and perceiving that the Queen had given over speaking. Pardon me, Madam,

Madam, (*ſaid he unto her*) if I ſtill fear, even after this that you have told me; I am young, you are Politick: Who ſhall aſſure me, that it is not me you deceive, rather than the Earl, or indeed that you do not juggle with us both alike? The event (*replied the Queen, a little diſturbed at the liberty of this Diſcourſe*) is the Warrant which I give you of my Conduct, although my way of dealing with you ought not to permit you to ſeek for other Aſſurances. She pronounced theſe laſt words with ſo natural an air, as that the Duke of *Alançon* did effectually loſe a great part of his diſtruſt, and retired half perſwaded of the Queen's good intentions.

As ſoon as *Elizabeth* was alone, and at leiſure to make her reflections on all that paſſed; She began to tremble at the proſpect of the condition to which ſhe ſaw her

her ſelf reduced, not unlike a Perſon who unexpectedly finds himſelf upon the brink of a Precipice. She ſaw her ſelf almoſt engaged againſt her will to take a way, which ſhe had always looked upon with horrour, and the Aſſurances ſhe had juſt then given the Duke of *Alançon*, appeared to her too firm to be retracted, without ſome mighty Reaſon that might juſtify ſo capricious a Conduct. Beſides, the inclination which ſhe felt for this Prince, made her almoſt wiſh, that ſhe might not find an honourable pretence to break with him, and ſtrugled in her heart with the averſion which ſhe had always had for Marriage, ſo that not knowing what to reſolve upon, and confideing in none beſides her ſelf in ſo nice a point, ſhe paſt a great part of the Night all alone in Contemplation of the Reſolution ſhe was to take. But

as

as it was difficult for her to fix upon any one thing, in so great a diversity of thoughts as presented themselves to her mind, she at length fell asleep, without concluding any thing, and found her self on the Morrow in the same uncertainty.

As that which most concerns us is usually the first thing on which we think, when we awake; so the Queen had no sooner opened her Eyes, but she immediatly represented to her self the confusion wherein she was. The Duke of *Alançon*, who had had a great share in her Dreams, returned into her mind with all his Charms, and, in the examination she made of her Heart, she was surprised to find there, in favour of this Prince, something unknown, and a tenderness she had never yet experienced. She had indeed had some slight Inclinations for some

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of her Favourites, but never any thing like a real Paſſion, and that Spirit of independance, which ſhe loved ſo mightily, had never ſuffred any attaint. But ſhe then perceived that ſhe was not altogether Miſtreſs of her own Heart, and that the Jealouſie of her Authority began to be no longer her predominate Paſſion. This thought afflicted her more than all the reſt, and ſeemed to her a terrible preſage, ſo that caſting off at once her irreſolution, ſhe confirmed her ſelf in her former Averſion for Marriage, and reſolved to break this laſt Match at any rate whatſoever, as well as ſhe had done all the others.

But to hide her deſign more dextrouſly, and to make it at the ſame time ſucceed, ſhe believed that ſhe could not do better than entertain the Duke of *Alançon's* hopes, without rejecting the Earl

of

of *Leiceſter*: Imagining that the Jealouſie, which by theſe means would grow up between the two Rivals, would not fail to create ſome incident, that might ſerve for a pretence to diſengage her form her word. Being dextrous, ſhe had no great pain to behave her ſelf after a manner conformable to the Reſolution ſhe had taken: For as often as ſhe was alone with the Duke of *Alançon*, ſhe repeated to him the Proteſtations, which ſhe made the Earl at thoſe times that ſhe entertained him in private. And when they happened to be both together preſent, if her behaviour towards the Prince was more full of Honour and reſpect, yet that towards the Favourite was more engaging and familiar: So that for ſome time they were both ſufficiently ſatisfied with her Conduct, and found no cauſe of complaint.

This

This repoſe was of no long continuance, e're it was diſturbed by Jealouſie. 'Tis true, that the Earl, who knew Queen *Elizabeth*'s humour did not very much apprehend her Marriage with the Duke of *Alançon*; but yet after that Prince's Arrival, he had almoſt loſt all his Flattering hopes of Marrying her himſelf. He durſt not open himſelf to the Queen upon that Subject, but by the ſighs which eſcaped him, and the Melancholy that appeared in his Countenance, he made her ſufficiently gueſs at the condition of his Soul.

The Duke of *Alançon* had not the ſame meaſures to obſerve: He openly complained to the Queen of her delays: He could not ſuffer the Earl's aſſiduities, whom he contradicted in every thing he ſaid; and he let ſlip no occaſion of making her take notice of his Jealouſie.

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In the mean time Queen *Elizabeth*, finding from day to day new Charms in the Duke of *Alançon*, ſoon perceived the Inclination which ſhe at the firſt had for him increaſe, and her Heart did not follow the Reſolutions of her Policy, without an extream reluctancy. It was only her Love of Authority that reſtrained her, and had ſhe believed that ſhe could take a Husband, without making him her Maſter, all her Averſion for Marriage had given place to the Prince's merit.

In this new agitation of Spirit, ſhe deſired to ſound the Duke of *Alançon*'s Sentiments. Having one day purpoſely faln upon a Diſcourſe, how a Husband ought to carry himſelf towards a Wife; the Earl, who was preſent, enlarged himſelf, like a cunning Courtier, upon the Complaiſances which a Man owes his Wife; even ſo far, that

that he ſaid, looking upon the Queen, If I were to chooſe one of the two extreams, I had rather be a Wife's Slave than her Tyrant. The Duke of *Alançon* had no leſs reſpect for the Sex than he, and upon any other occaſion, had even improved what the Earl had ſaid; but then thinking only to condradict a Rival, and not foreſeeing the Conſequences of what he was about to utter; For my part, (*replied he*) I ſhould not be of your opinion: I believe that the Rule ought always to be of the Husband's ſide, and that all the Complaiſance which he is obliged to ſhew a Wife, ought to ceaſe when ſhe abuſes it. 'Tis true, that a certain trouble which he preſently obſerved in the Queen's Eyes, having made him gueſs at the Application which ſhe made of thoſe words, he was deſirous to ſoften them, by adding, That if a Man

were indebted to his Wife for his Fortune, that he ſhould then indeed change his Carriage towards her, and that in ſuch a caſe, his acknowledgement ought to give no bounds to his Submiſſions. But Queen *Elizabeth*, who had a piercing Wit, did without any difficulty perceive what he drove at, and making no reflection on the motive that made him take the ſide contrary to the Earl, ſhe remained perſwaded, that the Duke did at firſt deliver his real Sentiments, and that what he had ſaid afterwards was only a Politick or decent mitigation of them.

There needed no more to make her ſhake off that Irreſolution into which ſhe was once again fallen; for, rouſing up all her hatred againſt Marriage, ſhe beheld it as a fearful Bondage, and an unſupportable Tyranny. She conſidered the Duke of *Alançon* as a young

young Ambitious man, who desired nothing besides her Crown; who would enslave her, as soon as she should have placed him upon her Throne, and who would make no other use of the Power which he would have received from her, than to deprive her absolutely of it.

This thought made so strong an impression upon her Spirit, that not knowing how to defend her self from the Duke of *Alançon*'s pressing Solicitations, and perceiving also, that her deceit must sooner or later be discovered, she sought after nothing more than some opportunity to take off her disguise. But the Jealousie which she had endeavoured to raise between the Duke and Earl, not working its effects, but very slowly, she advised her self of a trick, that appeared to her very proper, to set these two Rivals at open Variance,

and that could not enter into any living Soul besides her own.

The Duke of *Alançon* being come to make her a Visit, she counterfeited her self Sick, that she might be dispensed with from seeing him; and, as if she had desired to excuse her self, she presently writ unto him a Billet, which she ordered to be carried to the Earl of *Leicester*; and writ another to the same Earl, which she caused to be delivered to the Duke of *Alançon*; not doubting but that this designed mistake would appear to them the work of chance, and that imagining they had thereby discovered her real Sentiments, each of them would believe himself deceived, and his Rival happy.

In Effect, The Earl of *Leicester* was strangely surprized, when he found these words in the Billet that was presented to him from the Queen. *Pardon*

Pardon me, Sir, if I could not have the Honour of seeing you in the Morning. 'Twas the greatest trouble that my present indisposition occasioned, but I am afraid that it will not be the only one, and that it may yet put off for some days the impatience I have of seeing you. King of England, *and Husband to*

ELIZABETH.

The Earl had not been that Morning to see the Queen: She never writ to him in such a Style, nor ever spoke to him so openly: So that he did not doubt, but that this Billet should have been addressed to the Duke of *Alançon*. Then he began to fear lest the Queen should at length conclude her Marriage with the Prince, and he thought that a Woman could not write after that rate to

any Man, but to one whom she already regarded as her Husband.

A Man must have been in the same condition to represent aright what passed in his Thoughts, and it is Experience only that can make a faithful Relation of Affairs of that Nature. Though at first there was more Ambition than Love in the Passion which the Earl had for the Queen, yet he now lov'd her Cordially, and the Crown of *England* had lost half its Charms in respect of him, had it been on any other head besides *Elizabeth's*. In the mean time, after having flattered himself with the hope of being soon Master of the one and t'other, he now found himself upon the point of losing both, and what is worse of seeing a Rival gain by his loss. This doubtless was the greatest Vexation he could receive, and he suffered all the severest Torments that

the

the two Paſſions, of which he was full, could make him feel.

But what was the Duke of *Alançon*'s diſpleaſure, when, opening the Billet which the Queen had ſent him, he found in it theſe words?

The Duke of Alançon *preſſes me, and I no longer know how to colour my delays. I Counterfeit my ſelf Sick on purpoſe, in Expectation that you invent ſome better pretence. I do not believe that I need intreat you to ſeek out one. You know well enough what Reaſons oblige you to it.*

The Duke of *Alançon* was deceived as well as the Earl, and believed, as it was very probable, that the Billet was addreſſed to his Rival. Then revolving in his mind the Queen's delays, the falſe Confidences ſhe had made him, and the Familiarity ſhe ſtill enter-

tained with the Earl, he no longer doubted but that she betrayed him, and that she was the falsest and most dissembling of all Women. In the very first motions his anger inspired him with, he considered whether he should fight the Earl, or reproach the Queen; or depart suddenly for *France*; and doubtless he had not been easily brought to a Resolution, but for an unexpected accident, which chance, it seems, created on purpose, to render this History the more surprising.

The Prince, being gone to walk in the Palace Garden, to divert his ill Humour, was very much surprised, when entring a Green Arbour to repose himself, he found there the Earl, who was come thither with the same design as himself. A Rival's presence, whom he believed happy, rouz'd his anger. So that putting his hand presently to

to his Sword. Let us ſee (*ſaid he to him with a fierce and menacing Voice*) whether you are as formidable in this Arbour, as you are in the Queen's Cloſet.

The Earl was not ignorant of the Reſpect which was due to the Duke of *Alançon*: Therefore, though he believed that all cauſe of complaint was of his own ſide, he would not draw his Sword againſt that Prince: but looking upon him with Eyes full of ſadneſs, I know not, Sir, (*ſaid he unto him*) what is your deſign, but if you deſire my Life, I leave you Maſter of it; and in the Condition I am in, I do not eſteem it happy enough to defend. The Earl pronounced theſe words with ſo Melancholy and Languiſhing an Air, that all the Duke's anger was ſuſpended; So that putting up his Sword again into his Scabbard; *If you knew your h*

(said he to him) *you would not speak as you do. And if you were not ignorant of yours* (replied the Earl) *you would not regard me with envy.* All these their words were but as so many Riddles to them. The Duke could not forbear to demand from the Earl an explanation of what he would say; and the Earl plainly perceiving by the Princes procedure, that there was some Mystery conceal'd under so strange a Conduct, of which he himself would be glad to have a Discovery, took out of his Pocket the Billet he had received from the Queen, and shewing it the Duke; *See, Sir,* (said he) *which of us both has the most cause to be jealous.* The Duke of *Alançon*, after having Read it, made no difficulty of shewing also his: So that both seeing themselves equally deceived, they hardly knew whether they ought to laugh or grieve at this Adventure. But

But this trick of the Queen's had Conſequences too ſerious to divert them. They both alike made Imprecations againſt her. *She is a deceitful Woman*, (ſaid the Earl) *who eſteems every thing juſt, that flatters her haughty and imperious Humour, and capable of Sacrificing all things to the leaſt Reaſon of State, that her diſtruſtful and ſuſpecious Spirit preſents to her.* Thereupon he began to tell him how falſe ſhe had been to the Queen of *Scots*, and to diſcourſe of the Cruelty with which ſhe retained the Princeſs *Marianna* in Priſon.

The Duke of *Alançon* was too generous not to intereſs himſelf in the diſgraces of a Princeſs, who was eſteemed with Reaſon the faireſt, and the moſt Virtuous Lady of her Age. He had even a ſecret inclination for her, which was as it were a Foreſight of what ſhould happen to him So that

that when the Earl ſpoke to him of her, he found him as apt to deplore *Marianna*'s Misfortunes, as to aggravate the Queen's Cruelty. In fine, as two Rivals often unite themſelves together to be revenged upon an ungrateful and perfidious Miſtreſs; the hatred which the Duke of *Alançon* had before for the Earl, ceaſing with the jealouſie which had occaſioned it; he inſenſibly demanded of him, *whether it were true, that ſhe was as Beautiful as Report gave her out to be?* The Earl, who had ſeen her ſometime before her Impriſonment, and would have been glad to make ſome diverſion in the Duke's Heart, aſſured him, *that he had never ſeen any thing ſo admirable*; and, in order to convince him of it with the more eaſe, he ſhew'd him a Picture drawn very like her, which he had at that time about him.

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The Duke did for a while forget his Afflictions, to conſider that piece; and his Curioſity never ſeemed to him more reaſonable, than it did in that Moment he began to ſatisfie it. He owned to the Earl, that *Marianna* was the moſt Beautiful Creature under Heaven, if that Picture did not flatter her. Thence they took occaſion to enlarge upon her Diſgraces. And the Duke of *Alançon*, being pleaſed with a Diſcourſe of what might entertain his hatred for the Queen, entreated the Earl to relate to him that unhappy Princeſs's Adventures. The Earl, who was no leſs exaſperated than the Duke, and who found the ſame comfort as he did in this Converſation, ſatisfied his Curioſity in theſe terms.

The Birth of this Princeſs hath ſomething in it, that very much Reſembles a Romance. All men know

know the Divorce of *Henry* th- Eighth, and *Catharine* his Wife; but few have been informed, that the unfortunate Queen was with Child at the time that the King her Husband put her away, and that she was delivered in her Banishment of the Princess we now speak of. She took care to keep her Birth very secret, justly fearing, that *Anne a Bullein*, who was very powerful with the King, would make use of all her Credit to Destroy her: She could not promise to her self any Compassion for the Daughter, at a time when the Mother was so Cruelly Persecuted.

The Dutchess of *Norfolk*, who had always a great share of the Queen's Confidence, had been willing to bear her Company in her disgrace. *Catharine* believed that she could not do better than to intrust a Person, who had always

ways been so faithful to her, with her Daughter's Education.

The Dutchess received that precious Pledge with incredible joy, and how sensible soever she was of her Mistress's Misfortunes, she was very glad of having found a means, of shewing her the extream Affection she had for her, by the care which she would take of this young Princess.

Catharine hoped that if the condition of her Fortune would ever change, the young *Marianna* might prove a new Blessing to perfect her reunion with the King. But after several unprofitable endeavours to move that Prince's Heart, seeing that there was no longer hopes of success, she thought of nothing more, than how to dispose her self for Death, which the Rigours of her Banishment did from day to day advance. At length, after languishing for five or six Months, finding

finding that she had but a very short time to live, she called for the Dutchess, whom she informed of the condition wherein she was, with as firm and peaceable a Countenance, as if she had told her some indifferent Tale. The Dutchess, who loved her with a tenderness not to be imagined, cried out at this News. She fell down at her Beds-feet, and melting into Tears, conjured her not to abandon the care of a Life, as precious as her own. *It is too miserable,* said the Queen to her, *to fear the loss of it. I am long since prepared for death, and if any thing could afflict me in departing this World, it would be to leave behind me a little Daughter, who possibly will inherit her Mother's disgraces. Though I am well assured, that you will take all possible care of her, yet I cannot but fear, lest the cruelty of her Enemies may steal her*

from

from your precautions, and left the whole courſe of her life may take after the unlucky hour of her Birth, I therefore conjure you (continued ſhe) *to be always unto her inſtead of a Mother, and to do your utmoſt endeavours to prevent, if it be poſſible, the Conſequences of ſo fatal a foreſight.* Then having called for the young Princeſs, who was not yet above five or ſix years of Age, ſhe took out of a Casket a Sealed Letter, and a Table-book Set with Diamonds, which ſhe gave the Dutcheſs without diſcovering to her, what was contained in them. *It may be* (ſaid ſhe unto her in putting thoſe things into her hands) *that Affairs will change, and that the King will repent his uſage of me, before he dies. If it falls out as I hope it will, I entreat you, by the remembrance of our Friendſhip, to ſee him, to preſent to him this his little Daughter,*

and

and to discover to him the whole secret of her Birth. The Letter and Table-book which I put into your hands, will give Authority to all that you shall tell him, and a Testimony such as yours, will leave him no uncertainty. Then having struggled with her weakness to embrace the little *Marianna*, she made her withdraw, and fearing lest the Dutchess's constancy would not be able to undergo so dangerous a Tryal, she renewed the Gift she had made her of her Daughter.

This Generous Friend had hearkned to all that the Queen said unto her, without making her any answer, because she had no power to do it, but having observed that the Queen was on the sudden grown faint, she quite sunk under the violence of her Grief, and fell her self into so profound a Trance, that it had been difficult to judge, which of the two

two lay a dying. The Queen expired in ſome time after. And the Dutcheſs came not to her ſelf again, but to endure the greateſt ſorrow imaginable, by being informed of the death of the beſt Friend, and moſt Amiable Princeſs in the World.

I will not ſtay to make a deſcription of her grief; I ſhall only tell you that time which triumphs over the moſt violent afflictions, gave her no Comfort, and if ſhe deſired to ſurvive the Queen, it was only to acquit her ſelf of the Commiſſion which ſhe had given her.

What *Catharine* foreſaw came to paſs. The King, being attackt by a Diſeaſe which he thought Mortal, repented of his ſtrange Extremities; and by the Honours which he rendred the Queen's Memory, he repaired the wrongs he had done her Perſon.

The

The Dutchess of *Norfolk*, who had always remained in her voluntary Banishment, being informed of the King's Disease, believed that the time was now come, of accomplishing the Command which she had received from *Catharine*. She therefore began her journey with the Princess *Marianna*: but being very aged, and all her old displeasures renewing themselves upon this occasion, she her self fell sick upon the way; and not recovering without a great deal of difficulty, she arrived not at Court, until after the King's death. She conceived so excessive a sorrow at this accident, that being relapsed with more danger than before, she plainly perceived that she had no long time to live, and that she had not enough left to make a clear discovery of *Marianna*'s Birth. This thought deprived her of all the joy, which otherwise she would have

have received, in forſaking a life ſo miſerable as that was which ſhe had led ever ſince the Queen's death: but reflecting that ſhe had a Son, who, though very young, would have fidelity and diſcretion enough to manage that diſcovery, when occaſion ſhould ſerve, ſhe called for him, together with the young *Marianna*, who had always paſt for her Kinſwoman, and even then gave hopes of the incomparable Beauty, which Time hath ſince brought to perfection. She inſtructed them in all that had paſſed, in the Queen's Baniſhment, her Lying in, and Death. She gave her Son the Letter, and Table-book which ſhe had; ſhe commanded him to preſerve them carefully, in order to make uſe of them upon occaſion, and to render the young *Marianna* all the reſpect which was due to a great Princeſs.

I should be too tedious, if I should relate unto you all the circumstances of that Separation. The Dutchess was not long in dying. The Princess not regarding the change of her Fortune, was hardly sensible of any thing besides the loss she now suffered; and the Duke's affliction was so great, that it could not be conceived.

He had not been able to see so near him the Springing Beauty of *Marianna*, without becoming Amorous of it. Their pretended Alliance had not deprived him of all hopes of marrying her, but perceiving all his pretensions vanished by this discovery, he almost died with Grief.

After the first Transports of a displeasure so violent as his, he fell into a deep Melancholy, which rendred all manner of Company insupportable to him, and his love-concern made him be esteemed the best

beſt Son in the World.

The Princeſs, who was accuſtomed to live with him in great Freedom, often endeavoured to comfort him, and one day finding him in a more penſive fit than uſual, *Alas* (ſaid ſhe to him) *will you for ever be in ſo ill an humour, and will your Tears reſtore the Dutcheſs your Mother? Ah! Madam* (replied the Duke) *leave me at leaſt the liberty of muſing upon my ill Fortune; and deprive me not of the only comfort I find: 'Tis true that the loſs of a Mother hath a great ſhare in my Afflictions; but if that were the only cauſe of them, I ſhould not perhaps be unconſolable.* The Princeſs was too much concerned in what related to the Duke, not to have a longing deſire to know the new cauſe of his Sorrow. She preſſes him to tell it, the Duke for a while defends himſelf, but at length not being

able

able to deny himself the feeble comfort of discoursing of a Passion, which he did for so long a time conceal. *'Tis Love, Madam* (said he to her) *that renders me unhappy; but 'tis a Love without any hope. I had given my Heart to a Person, whose Birth I believed conformable to my own. My Passion had been flattered with the Sweetest hopes, and I had already yielded up all my Liberty, when I understood that this Person is a great Princess, and that I am born to be a Subject, to whom I pretended to be a Husband. Judge, Madam* (pursued he) *after that, if I be not the most miserable of Men; and if it be not a severe Affliction for me, to find the cause of my despair, in the good Fortune of the Person whom I love most in the World.*

The Princess had a Wit much more forward than her Age, and the Duke pronounced these words with

with so passionate an Air, that she easily comprehended he spoke of her, she was not transported with any passion against him; but pretending not to understand whom he meant; she only advised him to rid himself of a Love that made him so ill humour'd, and to consider her as his Friend, whom he could no longer regard as his Mistress.

Affairs were in this condition, when young King *Edward*, who had succeeded *Henry* the Eighth, deceased; the Princess *Mary*, *Catharine*'s eldest Daughter, and *Marianna*'s Sister, was at length, after several Wars and Divisions, which I pass over in silence, peaceably Crowned Queen of *England*.

The Duke of *Norfolk* remembring the Order which his dying Mother had left him, believed that he ought no longer to delay letting the Queen know, that she

had a Sister so worthy of her, as the Princess *Marianna*. He had done his utmost endeavours to overcome his passion; but not having been able to do it, he would have been willing to defer that discovery, had it been only to preserve some remainders of his familiarity with *Marianna*, and not to lose the sad Consolation of having it some times in his Power to doubt of his unhappiness; but fearing to offend the Princess by that delay, he prayed her to give him leave to wait upon her to the Queen, to discover to her the Secret of her Birth. *Marianna* consents to it with joy. The Duke acquits himself of his Commission with all necessary Fidelity and disinteressment. The Queen impatiently opens the Letter, which the Duke gives her, and knows her Mothers Characters in these Words.

SRI,

SIR,

I Die with Grief, since I die in your Disgrace; but I hope that the Present I make you after my Death, will restore to me that precious Friendship, which you have deprived me of during my Life; and that the little Marianna, *your Daughter and mine, whom you will receive from the Dutchess of* Norfolk's *hands, will make you remember, with some sentiments of tenderness, her Mother, and your Wife.*

Catharine.

The Table-book denoted the day of *Marianna*'s Birth, and contained the Pictures of the King, Queen, and the two Princesses their Daughters. All these Evidences were seconded by the Voice of Blood and Nature, which spoke in *Mary*'s Heart. She without any great trouble acknowledged

Marianna for her Sister; and the resemblance of their Faces, together with the various reports that had been spread abroad in the World, did thoroughly convince her. This Adventure rejoyced the whole Court, and every one said, that a Romance must be made of it.

The Will which *Henry* the Eighth had made in favour of *Elizabeth*, made all the World regard her as the presumptive Heir of the Crown; but she perceiving all her hopes deceived by so extraordinary an Accident, conceived a furious aversion for the Princess, which was ever augmented by that Jealousie of Beauty, so ordinary among Women.

But as she was naturally reserved, and these, she professed publick as much Friendship for her, as she inwardly conceived Hatred;

and then began to make the first Essays of that Dissimulation, in which she is since become so perfect. She plainly perceived that if *Mariana* was acknowledged for the Queen's Sister, the Succession of the Realm would be assured unto her; and that to exclude her, there was a necessity of rendring her Birth suspected and doubtful.

She endeavoured to do this with as much dexterity as earnestness, causing reports to be whispered about to *Mariana*'s disadvantage. Besides, she had suborned Men who gave out in publick, as well as in private Assemblies, that the new Princess was a Fantom and Chimera of the Duke of *Norfolk*'s invention, who possibly would make use of that imposture, as a Step to ascend the Throne, or rather that she proceeded from the Queen's aversion to *Elizabeth*:

whom *Mary* having a mind to deprive of her Lawful Right to the Succession of the Crown, had created that Chimerical Sister, on purpose to wrong the other of it: That there was no probability that Queen *Catherine* was with Child, when the King put her away, since they had not come together in a long time before the Divorce; That this Adventure was a thing unheard of, and the like was never known but in Fables. *Elizabeth* sometimes caused all these things to be said in those places where she her self was present, and to disguise her self the more cunningly, she seemed not to approve of them, and even endeavoured to contradict them with weak Arguments.

In the mean time, the Duke of *Norfolk* had in vain endeavoured to free himself from the passion which he had for *Marianna*, so that

that with the hope, he at length loſt the deſire of overcoming it, and he began to cheriſh his love too much, to be any longer in a Condition to ſtruggle with it.

The misfortunes of a man who loves without hope, and who, nevertheleſs, cannot forbear loving, do well deſerve ſome Pity and Compaſſion. The facility which the Duke had of ſeeing the Princeſs, and the liberty of diſcourſing familiarly with her, before ſhe had been acknowledged for the Queen's Siſter, were ſome little conſolation to him, and often took away from him the remembrance of his unhappineſs. But when he ſaw himſelf deprived of that comfort; and that he could not make *Marianna* any but Solemn Viſits, and that the new Rank which ſhe held at Court obliged him to live with her quite otherwiſe than he had yet done, his Melancholly in-

creased very much, and made so great an alteration in him, that he was hardly able to be known.

He being one of the handsomest Lords of the Court, there was no advantage that he might not promise to himself. Besides he stood very fair in the Queen's favour. Wherefore all men were surprised to see him so pensive, and none could guess at the cause of a Melancholly so unusual to Persons of his Age. Every man rallied him about it, and when he could be caught in any Company, they never failed to break their Jests upon it. The Princess, who had still preserved a great deal of Friendship for him, and had forgot what he had formerly told her, was the first that Gallantly reproached him of a Melancholly, which robb'd the Court of one of its Principal Ornaments: but he answered not her Railleries, otherwise than

than by ſighs, and obſcure words, which the Princeſs did not comprehend, for the moſt part, becauſe ſhe did not mind them, or elſe, becauſe ſhe did not at all ſuſpect the hidden meaning they contained.

That Man muſt want the uſe of his Tongue, who loves, and does for ever forbear telling it. The Duke at length reſolved to break ſo Rigorous a Silence; he was perſwaded that it was impoſſible for him to become more unfortunate, and that he ſhould have at leaſt the comfort of changing his pain.

He having always had very much acceſs to the Princeſs, it was not difficult for him to find her alone, and, after wipeing away many Tears, he preſumed to tell her that he loved.

There is a certain kind of coldneſs, that is a thouſand times worſe

than any fury. The Princess heard him without being moved, and replying to him: *I know not,* said she, *what that Passion is, which you tell me of: but if what is said be true, I esteem you very unfortunate, in having a love for one who is so little in a condition to acknowledge it, as I am. Therefore I will not be angry with you. I think you deserve rather my Pity than Reproaches. I only advise you to cure your self of that Folly, as well for your own Interest as mine. Spare me the pains of telling you what Reasons oblige me to talk unto you after this manner, and remember that a Princess whose Birth is endeavoured to be rendred suspected, hath a particular Obligation not to suffer a Courtship that may be unworthy of her.*

The Duke, who had broke the Ice, and had prepared himself for much harder usage, grew bolder by

by the Princess's Answer; and not penetrating into all the Cruelty of her words, he said unto her; *Madam, I have not stayed for the Advice you give me to oppose that Passion which I just now declared unto you: but in all the Combats I have had with it, I still found my Reason the weaker: If I had attackt it in its beginning, perhaps I should have mastered it; but having entertained it in my Heart, by reason of the Errour which concealed your Birth from me, it is now so well establisht there, that it is absolutely impossible for me to get rid on't:* And perceiving that *Marianna* hearkned peaceably to him; *I do not desire, Madam,* pursued he, *that you approve of my Love, much less that you give me any hopes; no, the remainder of my Reason does not permit the least to enter into my thoughts: Give me leave only to appear Melancholy in*

your Presence; and since I can hope for nothing, let me at least flatter my self, that you sometimes divine the cause of my Despair.

How respectful soever these words were, yet the Duke pronounced them after a way that shew'd, he had interpreted the Princess's coldness to his own advantage. *Marianna* perceived it by a certain Joy she saw sparkle in his Eyes through all his Sadness; so that being unwilling to keep him in his Errour, she then answered him more fiercely than at first: *I confess that the Friendship I have always had for you, hath made me regard with trouble the change of your humour, but since it proceeds from a cause so disadvantageous to my self, I will take special care not to heed it; and if in spight of my self I chance to take any notice of it, it shall be only to conceive Hatred and Disdain, for what formerly gave me Pity and Compassion.*

Then

Then perceiving that the Duke desired to answer her, she re-entered into her Closet, and left him a Prey to the most sensible Affliction he had ever received. Then he began to repent himself of his temerity, and to regret the time in which he once esteemed himself the most unhappy Man in the World. He remained above half an hour in the Princess's Chamber, in the same posture that she had left him; either because he hoped that she would return, or (as it was most probable) because he wanted Force to depart: At length the fear of being surprised in the disorder wherein he was, made him withdraw.

He was no sooner arrived at his own House, but he took Horse, and went to pass over his vexation in the Country, where he continued above two Months, leading the most Savage and Melancholly Life imaginable; and without

out doubt he had not returned so soon, if the Queen had not absolutely commanded him.

He appeared at his return so much altered, and so pale, that every body asked him, whether he had been ill? This was the only pleasure they could do him. He very well knew that the Princess would perceive as well as the rest, the change of his Countenance, and that his languishing at least would tell her his Passion, if he himself durst not entertain her with it; but when he proceeded to make Reflections upon the last words she had said unto him, and when he considered that all the marks of his love, how secret soever they might be, would be esteemed by her as so many offences; he was afraid to abandon himself over to his Sorrow, and it was new matter of Affliction to

to him, that he durſt not appear ſuch.

He had not ſtood in need of Comforters, had he been willing to receive any. All the Fair Ladies of the Court thought that his Melancholly did not hinder him from being Amiable, and it was even believed it was not *Elizabeth*'s fault he did not forget all *Marianna*'s Severities. 'Tis true, that he himſelf, from whom I have been informed of all this Adventure, would never own to me this Circumſtance; but it is reaſonable to believe, that he concealed it from me out of diſcretion. At leaſt the Reports which went then abroad, and the things that are ſince come to paſs, make it to be ſufficiently probable.

But be it how it will, it has been the Common belief, that the hatred which *Elizabeth* has ſince diſcovered againſt the Duke

of

of *Norfolk*, took its beginning from very contrary Sentiments, and that she would not have been so severe in respect of him, had he been more acknowledgeing. But without sticking any longer upon a matter doubtful enough, 'tis certain, that *Elizabeth*, who hath always had a Penetrating Spirit, perceived the Passion the Duke had for *Marianna*: whether it were, that her natural Jealousie did open her Eyes, or that having (*as 'tis said*) made some advances to the Duke, who had taken no notice of them, or rather who had feigned to take no notice of them; she judged that this contempt could not proceed, but from some very strong prevention for another Person. So that this Suspicion making her observe all the young Duke's ways and Actions, she in the end found out, by a multitude of Marks, that he

was Amorous of the Princess.

She wanted not that weakness that is attributed to her, to be Afflicted at this Discovery. The Duke's credit was great at Court, and in the Parliament: *Elizabeth* had look't upon him as a Man the most capable of serving her in her designs, but finding him bound by so pressing a Reason to *Mariana*'s interest, she plainly saw, that it would be impossible for her to divide them, and that nothing would be able to Ballance an engagement of that Nature. She was extreamly troubled at it, and what fell out in a little time after did very much augment her displeasure.

The Windows of her Apartment looked into one of the Palace Gardens. Whereas she had caused the Duke to be carefully observed, one of her Maids did one day tell her, that she saw him just then enter into one of the Arbours

Arbours in the Garden, with the Marquess *de Tarnay*, a French Gentleman, one in the Service of the Queen of *England*, and the only Man in the whole Court, to whom he did Communicate his Affairs. She lost no time: She took that Maid with her to bear their Company, and to shew her into what Arbour she had seen them enter. It being very gloomy and thick covered, she found the means of approaching it, without being perceived. She sate down upon some Banks of Grass that were round about it, and putting her Ear to the Pales, she heard the Duke entertain the Marquess with his Love; and Discourse to him with a most entire Confidence. *Oh! Would to God* (said the Duke) *that she were some Shepherdess; I should not Love her less than I do; and the difference of our Conditions, should not hin-*

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der me to Marry her; but, alas! to my misfortune, She is a Princess, who accepts not of my Passion, who believes that I rather Love her Greatness, than her Person, and who possibly regards my Flames as a disguised Ambition. I confess (replied the Marquess) that you have some Reason to be afflicted; but give me leave also to tell you, that your grief reaches too far. The Princess's first Rigours ought not to discourage you. 'Tis so all Women Act, and since the Principal Law of their Sex, is to use those ill, whom they esteem the most, I would not for your sake have had her less severe unto you. Ha! my dear Marquess (replied the Duke) I perceive thou wouldst fain bring me some comfort; But alas! thou canst not do it. There is nothing so easy to be distinguisht in a Woman, as a Counterfeit Severity from a real Rigour. The Princess spake to

me

me in a way that could leave me no hopes, and I saw nothing in her Eyes, which did not agree with her Words. His Sorrow forced him to say many other things, which *Elizabeth* over-heard; and when she believed she knew enough, she retired, with a design of making what advantage she could of this Discovery.

She was not onely confirmed in her first Suspitions, but discovered also, that the Princess had used the Duke ill; and not doubting but that the difference of their Qualities was the cause of her Rigours, she believed that this Lover would be over-joyed at the taking away of an Obstacle so contrary to his Happiness, and that she would care little whether or no he Married a Princess, provided he might Marry *Mariana*; that thus she should easily engage him to joyn with her, to weaken

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the proofs of the Princess's Birth, and to deprive her of a Title, that ruined all his, as well as her own pretensions. She sought for an opportunity of speaking to him in private, and as soon as she found one, she did not fail to rally him, according to her Custom, for his ill Humour; but she added, that she no longer wondred to see him Melancholy, since he was in Love. The Duke had appeared so little Gallant, and thought his Passion to be so secret, that this Rallary of *Elizabeth*'s did extreamly perplex him; and, if she had wanted new Proofs to assure her of the Duke's Love, the disturbance which she observed in his Countenance, would not have failed to convince her of it. Nevertheless, he denied it as well as he could, as soon as he was a little recovered; and endeavouring to put on a brisk Air, which he thought

thought proper to Destroy Elizabeth's Suspicions, *I thank you heartily, Madam,* (said he unto her) *that you attribute my Melancholy to so agreeable a Subject; I know none, besides your self, in the whole Court, who thinks me capable of Gallantry: but I am much afraid* (added he) *that by telling me I am in Love, you may hinder me from ever being so, and may create in me a Horrour for a Passion, which, according to what you say of it, draws Affliction always after it.* *Good God* (replied Elizabeth) *do not deny it. I know more of it than you imagine, and to let you see that I am not deceived, it is Mariana you Love.* The Duke was so surprised at these Words; and a Ladies name, whom he so tenderly Loved, pronounced upon such an occasion, did so much trouble him, that he was not able to return her any answer. *Well then* (said

(said *Elizabeth* to him, perceiving that he still kept silence) *confess that I am well informed of what passes in your Heart, and freely own to me a thing which you can no longer Conceal from me. Fear not* (pursued she) *to make the best of your Friends your Confident, I am willing to serve you; I know that you are not Happy, and it shall not be my fault, if you be not.* The Duke plainly perceived that his Secret was Discovered; and not knowing whether it was his Love, or the Marquess *de Tarnay*, that had betrayed him, he presently judged that all his Discretion would be useless to him. He was extreamly Afflicted at it; but *Elizabeth*'s proffers did a little comfort him; and being willing to gain her favour throughly, by a Confidence which should cost him nothing, he Discovered to her the whole Condition of his Heart,

and

and implored the assistance she had just then promised him. *There is nothing which I will not do for you* (said Elizabeth); *but if you will give me leave to speak freely unto you, I believe that you may never have success in your design, as long as* Marianna *shall be reckoned the Queen's Sister. The title of Princess is an invincible Obstacle to your Happiness; and 'tis that which afflicts me,* added she, with her usual dissimulation, *that I cannot serve you, without doing her a prejudice. I know not whether I could resolve upon it, whatever I have promised you, if I did not think to procure* Marianna's *advantage, as well as yours, by giving her a Husband as worthy as your self; and the Title of Dutchess of* Norfolk *seems to me much more considerable for her, than the Chimerical name which she assumes to her self. Endeavour then,* pursued she, *to deprive*

prive her of one, that you may give her the other. Cause all your Partakers and you Friends to act in it. I will support all that you shall do, and I warrant you the success of your undertakings.

This put a Lover's Generosity to a dangerous Tryal; and many men would not have been perhaps so scrupulous as the Duke of *Norfolk* was; but he having one of the most generous Souls that ever was known, and loving the Princess with as much disinteressment as ardour, he was not long in resolving upon this occasion. *Madam*, said he, *I should be in despair to exact from you a thing, to which even I should have more reluctancy than your self; and I had much rather be miserable, than purchase my Happiness by a Crime. I am not amazed, that* Marianna's *Birth seems to you suspected, since you know nothing of it;*

but for me, I am too much convinced of it, to doubt it; and if the uncertainty, wherein you are, justifies the Proposal you make me, I cannot hearken to it, with the knowledge I have, without being the most Criminal of Men. This answer extreamly surprised *Elizabeth.* Such noble Sentiments were Strangers to her thoughts, and her Heart was not capable of them: She was vexed beyond expression, that she had advanced so far, and Conceived so furious an Hatred against the Duke, that from that very Hour she formed the design of ruining him, which she did accomplish as you shall see.

The Queen died suddenly in a few Days after this Conversation. I will not tell you the Judgements Men made of this vexatious accident. As exasperated as I am against *Elizabeth*, I do not entirely

entirely believe the Reports that went about of her. However, so sudden a Death having prevented Queen *Mary* to declare her last Will and Pleasure, though the Friendship which she had shewn during her Life to the Princess *Marianna*, might seem to dispence with that formality; *Elizabeth* made so good use of the Will which King *Henry* her Father had made in her behalf, that, with the Assistance of her Friends, she caused her self to be declared Queen of *England*, notwithstading the pretences of *Marianna*. This young Princess lay melting in Tears upon the Corps of her deceased Sister, while they disposed of a Crown, to which she pretended a right of Inheritance. *Elizabeth*'s Party was so strong, and managed their design with so much dexterity and dispatch, that the most Zealous of *Marianna*'s Party, durst not discover them

ſelves. There was none but the Duke of *Norfolk*, who, with a generoſity beyond Example, declared himſelf openly for her, though he might rationally judge, that it would coſt him his Life. He went to find her in her Chamber, when all things in the Palace and the City were in a Tumult, and ſeeing her almoſt Drowned in Sorrow, *Keep your Tears for another time, Madam*, ſaid he, *and do not add to the Loſs of a Siſter, that of a Crown; The firſt is without Remedy, the other is infallible, unleſs you take ſome ſpeedy Courſe about it.* *O God*, replied the Princeſs, *ſay nothing to me in the Condition wherein I am: I entruſt to your Conduct all things that concern me. Do at leaſt your endeavour to Maſter your Sorrow*, replied the Duke, *in order to ſhew your ſelf to the People; if the loſs of a Throne, be not ſufficient to move you to it,*

think

think at leaſt on the Preſervation of your Life, and remember that it will be in no great ſafety, as ſoon as Elizabeth *ſhall be Miſtreſs of it.* He effected ſo much by his Solicitations, that at length he obliged her to appear, but it was too late. *Elizabeth* was already in Poſſeſſion of the whole Power. This unhappy Princeſs had no ſooner left her Apartment, but ſhe was encompaſſed by a Troop of Guards, and the Duke drawn into a Dungeon. He was indicted by Queen *Elizabeth*'s Order, and Condemned, as a Rebel, to an infamous Death. *Elizabeth* Counterfeiting a deſire to ſave him, cauſed his Death to be Petitioned for by his Judges, and ſeemed not to conſent to it, but with extream reluctancy. The Duke, young as he was, received the news with all the Conſtancy of a Man, who had no Paſſion

for Life. He only enquired after the Princeſs *Marianna*, and ſeveral times asked what was become of her, but having not been able to hear any thing concerning her, he Writ a Letter, which one of his People put into my hands to deliver it to her. Theſe were the Contents of it, as I was afterwards informed.

MADAM,

I Know not whether this Letter may be happy enough to fall into your hands. However, I cannot forbear to hazard the laſt Marks of a Paſſion, which for its boldneſs is about to ſuffer the Puniſhment prepared for me. Not that it needed any other Chaſtiſement than your Severities; Elizabeth's *Cruelty ſeems to me much leſs Rigorous than yours, and the Death which ſhe is going to make me ſuffer, cannot take from me any thing that is*

Precious, ſince you have long ago deprived me of all hope; My Love offended you; you Commanded me to rid my ſelf of it. I am glad that I obey you by dying, and that I find in my Misfortune, what I could not expect either from Time or my Reaſon. If any thing Afflicts me as I now am, it is that I am ignorant of your Condition, and I ſhould eaſily comfort my ſelf for my diſgrace, if I knew that it was not an effect of yours. Take me, Madam, out of this Cruel uncertainty, and I ſhall dye contented. My Blood poſſibly will waſh away my Crime, and the temerity of my Love being once puniſhed, you will perhaps Remember only its Truth and Violence.

The ſtrictneſs with which the Princeſs was Guarded, hindred me to deliver her this Letter; and I not having known, until ſo

long time after, what it contained, could not give this unfortunate Friend the Comfort he desired.

You will be pleased to pardon me, if I slightly pass over the Relation of his Death; I am still too sensible of its Remembrance, to enlarge upon all the Circumstances of it.

I shall only tell you, that it was as resolute as Cruel, and that it gave no less Admiration, than Pity, to all that were Eye Witnesses of it. I have since understood, that the Princess was very much Concerned at it; that she employed all the little Credit she had with *Elizabeth*, to obtain a Pardon for the Duke, and that she gave many Tears to his Misfortune, in a time when it seemed that she ought to reserve them all for her self.

Elizabeth had a good mind to compleat the Tragedy, and she considered

considered for a long time whether she should put the Princess to Death, but fearing to provoke the People, whom the Duke of *Norfolk*'s Death had already but too much exasperated, she was satisfied with her Confinement. She again made use of her first Artifice, and hiding her Cruelty under the Appearance of Mildness; she caused the Imprisonment of *Marianna* to be Petitioned for; as she had done the Duke of *Norfolk*'s Death. Her Dissimulation was even so great, that she went her self to Visit her, sometime before she was carried into the Castle, where she still remains. She asked her Pardon with Tears in her Eyes, for the violence that was done her, telling her, that she was not Mistress of a disordered Populace, who followed no other Law, than that of their own Caprice; that she must yield to

and Neceſſity for ſome few days; but that as ſoon as ſhe ſhould ſee her Authority ſufficiently eſtabliſht, to act freely, the firſt uſe ſhe would make of it, would be to call her back to Court.

The Earl of *Leiceſter* diſpoſed himſelf to continue his Relation, and the Duke of *Alançon* hearkned to it more attentively than ever: When on a ſudden they perceived *Elizabeth* in the Walk that led up to the Arbour, in which they were repoſed. She was in an Undreſs; two of her Women ſupported her by the Arms; and ſhe affected in her Air and Gate, the languiſhing uſual to Perſons indiſpoſed; they were ſtrangely amazed to ſee her ſo unexpectedly. In the mean time, ſhe advancing towards them, and they, not being able to ſteal away without being perceived, thought it moſt proper to go and meet her.

If

If the ſight of the Queen had ſurpriſed them, ſhe was much more aſtoniſht to find them together, and obſerving in their Faces no ſigns of a Quarrel paſt, ſhe was horribly vext to ſee, that her Artifice had ſucceeded no better, and the preſence of two men whom ſhe had ſo highly provoked, gave her a Confuſion not to be imagined.

The enterview of theſe three Perſons was without doubt very Pleaſant, and it would be difficult enough to repreſent the perplexity in which they were. The Queen, all accuſtomed as ſhe was to cunning, could hardly forbear bluſhing, and almoſt durſt not lift up her Eyes; ſhe had rather ſtudied what reproaches ſhe ſhould make the Duke of *Alanſon*, for the Tranſport of Paſſion, which ſhe believed infallible, than how to anſwer thoſe which the Prince had

had to make her; and though the Earl of *Leicester*'s presence did not give her so much trouble, yet he still being a new Witness of her falsities, did not fail to add something to her Confusion. They for their part, had too much cause to complain of the Queen, not to express something of it, but they had at that time too powerful Reasons for the dissembling of their Resentment, to give any visible marks of it. So that after the first Compliments which were made with a great deal of coldness, their Conversation on the sudden ceased. They walked on until they were arrived at the Arbour, without saying any thing, and it being very shady and dark, the Queen was very glad to repose her self in it, that she might the more easily conceal the trouble she felt.

She was no sooner sat down,

but

but she perceived something sparkle in a Corner, and having caused one of her Women to take it up, she found it to be a Picture Case, the same which the Earl had shewn the Duke of *Alençon*, and which he had let fall in the beginning of his surprise, occasioned by seeing the Queen. She comes into the Light, opens it, and knows the Picture to be that Ladies, whom she hated the most of all the World, because she best deserved to be beloved. This alone had been enough to put her in an ill humour; but as she stood then affected, it was so great an addition to her trouble, that her dissimulation could not bear it, but there sparkled in her Eyes I know not what of Cruel, which made the Earl of *Leicester* tremble. He knew how dangerous it was to be suspected by her, for a secret well-wisher to the Princess.

cess. The Duke of *Alançon* did immediately perceive all the Consequence, which this Adventure might have in reference to the Earl; if he had considered him as a happy Rival, he had too much generosity to ruin him that way: But the Conference, which they had then had to get her, having given the Duke a great esteem and Friendship for him, he was glad to shew the first signs of it upon this occasion. He therefore desired that Picture from the Queen, saying that it was his, and that he had brought it from *France*, where that Princess's Beauty passed for a Prodigy. He added these last words on purpose to vex the Queen. They had the Effect which he expected from them. For the Queen, not being able to conceal her Jealousie, could not forbear telling the Duke, in restoring to him the Picture, that

the

the Painter, who had drawn it, was certainly a Friend of the Princess's. It may be (*replied the Duke of* Alançon, *who desired no longer to keep fair with* Elizabeth) that her Imprisonment hath altered her; but I have always heard it said, that her Beauty was the most accomplisht, that ever had been seen.

The Queen, not finding her self in a condition to maintain a discourse of this Nature, broke it up immediately, and retired, upon pretence of the indisposition which she had began to counterfeit.

As soon as she saw her self alone, and in a Condition to make a reflection on what had just then hapned unto her, her humour naturally jealous, therein found inexhaustible matter of suspicions and distrusts, her Tricks to no purpose discovered, her Reputation ruined in the Duke of *Alançon's* opinion,

opinion, two Rivals united, when they ſhould have come to the moſt Bloody extremities, a Princeſs's Picture, whom ſhe knew to pretend to the lawful Inheritance of the Realm of *England* in a Princeſs's hands, who ſought nothing but a Crown. All that joyned together put her into ſo ſtrange an agitation of Spirit, that ſhe fell really ſick.

She ſent for the Earl of *Leiceſter*, to get from him the clearing of an Adventure, which appeared to her ſo ſtrange. The Earl trembled with fear, when he was told that the Queen called for him; He doubted not but that the Picture had Allarmed her, and it was to be feared, that ſhe might ſeek out fatal Precautions for her repoſe. Nevertheleſs he delayed not going to Court. *Go* (ſaid the Queen to him, as ſoon as ſhe perceived him) *you are unworthy of*

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my goodneſs, and were I as ſevere as you are ungrateful, you ſhould not long hold Intelligence with my Enemies. The Earl was ſeized with Terrour hearing her ſpeak in that manner. All things were to be feared from an enraged Woman, and one whoſe anger he well knew was hard to be appeaſed. So that fearing to reply to her Complaints, leſt ſome word might unawares eſcape him, which would exaſperate her the more, he for ſome time kept ſilence, and ſtudied what anſwer he ſhould make her, when the Queen, preventing him, ſaid, *I plainly perceive that the reproaches of your Conſcience ſtop your mouth; but ſpeak boldly; I pardon you, provided you be ſincere!*

The Earl, who was afraid to leave her to her Suſpicions, believed that the ſafeſt way he could take, was to relate unto her the

naked

naked Truth of what had paſſed, with the mitigations which he judged neceſſary: but ſaying nothing of the Princeſs's Picture, which ſtuck more in *Elizabeth*'s Heart than all the reſt, ſhe roughly interrupted him, to ask him by what chance that Picture was found in the Arbour; if it was true, that it was the Duke of *Alançon*'s; if the Prince had ſaid nothing to him concerning the Impriſonment of *Marianna*; and a thouſand other the like things, which the Earl had no mind to tell her. He was too much obliged to the Duke of *Alançon*, and he was too far concerned as to his own particular intereſts, to declare any thing that might prove hurtful either to one or the other. So that concealing that part of the Adventure from the Queen, he aſſured her, that he did not know how the Picture came there,

and

and that the Duke of *Alançon* must necessarily have dropt it out of carelessness. He added, that *Marianna* had no share in their Conversation, and that there was no probability, that the Duke of *Alançon* would have chosen him for his Confident.

All these Protestations did but redouble Queen *Elizabeth*'s Suspicions; who, not being able to get any other light from him, sent him back in a cruel uncertainty of what he was to expect from her Anger.

He had observed by the tone of her Voice, and the Air of her Countenance, the beginning, as it were, of a Storm that threatned him. His Fears proved but too true: She caused him to be apprehended on the Morrow; she placed Spies about the Duke of *Alançon*; she ordered the Princess's Guards to be doubled; and forgot nothing to secure her own Repose,

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at leaſt as well as a mind ſo reſtleſs, and ſo ſuſpicious as her own could do, in a matter, wherein the moſt ſenſible of her intereſts were involved.

In the mean time, the Duke of *Alançon*, who had kept the Princeſs's Picture, could not forbear conſidering it, and his Hatred for *Elizabeth* encreaſing his Compaſſion for *Marianna*: *O God!* (ſaid he unto himſelf) *muſt a Princeſs ſo amiable, paſs all her Life in a cloſe Priſon, while her Enemy Triumphs upon a Throne, which ſhe has a Right to!*

While he was filled with theſe thoughts, perceiving that there was no probability of confiding any further in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Promiſes, and that in the preſent ſtate of Affairs, he could no longer hope for the accompliſhment of a Marriage, to which he himſelf had hardly conſented, he framed from that very Hour, the

design of setting the Princess at Liberty, perswading himself, that if he could bring it about, there could be nothing more glorious to himself, or more agreeable to all *Europe*, and that instead of the confusion, which he was to expect from an unprofitable Voyage, it would be of more advantage to him than the Crown of *England*. He communicated his design to *du Lac*, who was at first frightned at it, and did all his endeavour to dissuade him from it, telling him that this Affair had failed so often, that it was to no purpose to think of it; that *Elizabeth* was inexorable upon that point; and that *Marianna*'s Confinement was too necessary to her Repose, for her ever to consent to her Enlargement. The Duke made him understand, that he stood in no need of the Queen's consent, and that there were other ways to bring it about. These words added yet to *du Lac*'s apprehension.

prehenſion. He knew from the Queen of *Scotland*'s Example, that there were no Laws, which *Elizabeth* would not put in Execution, when her Authority was concerned: He repreſented to the Duke of *Alançon* the Dangers to which ſuch a deſign would expoſe him; the ſtrictneſs with which the Princeſs was Guarded; the difficulties he muſt overcome to ſee her; and every thing that he judged proper to diſſwade the Prince from ſo difficult an Enterpriſe. But all that he could ſay unto him, was not capable of making him change his deſign: the Reſolution was taken, and he no longer thought on any thing, but on the means how to execute it.

It ſeems, the Queen furniſh'd him unexpectedly with the firſt Overtures of it. She had been indiſpoſed almoſt ever ſince the Adventure of the Arbour. The

Phyſitians

Physitians advised her to go and pass some days in the Country, in order for her Recovery. She followed their Advice, and went to a House of Pleasure, which was not far off from the Castle which served for a Prison to the Princess. The Air of that place was very good, and besides she was glad of being in a Capacity to watch the more narrowly her Prisoner, and to prevent the more easily all the attempts which the Duke of *Alançon* might make for her Liberty.

Marianna knew nothing of her design, she on the contrary did believe, that the Queen's Neighbourhood was advantagious for her, and that if she could procure her consent for an interview, it would be a means to obtain her deliverance. In this hope, she writ unto her about it, in expressions that had been capable to move

move any other Soul than *Elizabeth's*. The Queen pretending to have nothing so much at Heart, as that which the Princess *Marianna* desired from her, appointed a day and place of interview. They both came to the meeting, whither an hundred Guards Conducted *Marianna*: The Queen Saluted the Princess as if she had loved her the best of any in the World.

You will not possibly believe me (*said she unto her, embracing her*) if I tell you, that I am not much less sensible of your Misfortunes than your self; and that I should long ago have finished the Course of them, if I had been in a Capacity to do it; but you know very well, that a Queen is not always so absolute as she would be over the Spirits of her People, and that she often hath little besides the Splendour of a Crown,

Crown, of which they uſurp all the Prerogatives. I do frequently enough ſound their minds upon the account of your Liberty; but 'tis a Fruit that is not yet Ripe; yet I hope its Seaſon will come, and that through a little patience you ſhall ſoon ſee your ſelf in a Condition to comfort your ſelf for all your paſt troubles.

Marianna was too well acquainted with *Elizabeths* humour, not to miſtruſt theſe words, and the marks of Friendſhip which ſhe at that time received, were ſo great, that they had been ſuſpected of being counterfeit, even from a Perſon leſs diſſembling.

But as there is nothing more winning then Confidence, the Princeſs ſeem'd to believe entirely all that the Queen ſaid unto her, and rejecting, after her example the cauſe of her Misfortunes, on thoſe reaſons of State, which

Queens are obliged to follow in ſpight of themſelves: She told her, that to take away that obſtacle, ſhe was ready to give all the aſſurances that could be required from her; that the tediouſneſs of her Captivity had cauſed her to make ſome reflections, which had given as much contempt of Greatneſs, as ſhe ſaw ſhe had want of power to arrive to it; that ſhe ſought not after a noiſy pompous Life, but only Eaſe, and Tranquility; and laſtly, that ſhe would eſteem her ſelf ſufficiently happy, as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be free.

Elizabeth was ſufficienty embarraſſed, when ſhe perceived the Duke of *Alançon* coming directly towards her. This Prince, who had not yet quite broke with the Queen, believed himſelf obliged to make her a Viſit; and this enterview having been kept extreamly ſecret, he had heard nothing of it,

it, but what *Elizabeth*'s Domesticks informed him of, on his arrival at her House. He considered a long time what he had to do; but the desire of seeing the Princess, had transported him above all those Reasons which should have kept him back, and he caused himself to be Conducted by one of the Queen's Guards to the place of meeting.

That was the fatal moment of his Destiny, and his heart, by a secret inclination, made him search for the Person, whom he ought to love without knowing her. This young Prince had as yet been capable of nothing but Ambition, and he had possibly passed his whole Life without being sensible of any other passion, had he not seen a Princess, who could let none have an indifferency for her.

Marianna was at that time in the Flower of her Age, and her Beauty

had been no leſs proof againſt her Misfortunes, than her Courage. She had more eſpecially a ſweetneſs in her eyes, which left nothing for her other Graces to do, and the troubles of her Impriſonment had mingled therewith a certain languiſhing, ſo moving, that it pierced even the bottom of their Souls who beheld her.

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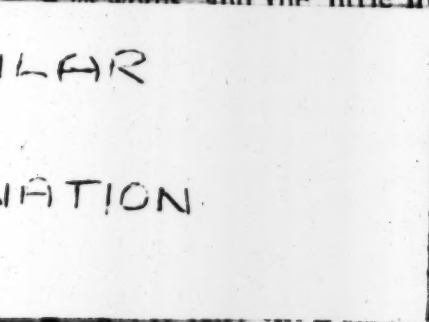
IRREGULA
PAGINA

them: This was no very proper way to ſoften her mind in favour of the Princeſs The Duke reflecting upon it, as ſoon as he had time to recover himſelf, was willing to frame his Countenance, and to begin a feigning, which he judged he ſhould ſtand in need of for the future; but alas, it was now too late. The confuſion of his words and the little freedom



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had been no leſs proof againſt her Misfortunes, than her Courage. She had more eſpecially a ſweetneſs in her eyes, which left nothing for her other Graces to do, and the troubles of her Impriſonment had mingled therewith a certain languiſhing, ſo moving, that it pierced even the bottom of their Souls who beheld her.

The Duke of *Alançon* was immediately dazled, and finding the Faireſt and moſt Charming Lady in the World, in the Perſon of the moſt innocent, and the moſt unfortunate; he felt at firſt ſight all the tenderneſs that Love and Compaſſion could inſpire: He had not diſſimulation enough to conceal his trouble from the eyes of a cunning and jealous Queen; *Elizabeth* joyning the Adventure of the Picture to the ſigns of the ſurprize, which appeared in the Prince's face, eaſily divined the cauſe of them

them: This was no very proper way to soften her mind in favour of the Princess The Duke reflecting upon it, as soon as he had time to recover himself, was willing to frame his Countenance, and to begin a feigning, which he judged he should stand in need of for the future; but alas, it was now too late. The confusion of his words, and the little freedom of Spirit he had shown in the excuses he believed himself obliged to make the Queen, had instructed her in too much. *Elizabeth*, who to free her self from the perplexity wherein the Princess had at first engaged her, was glad to turn the Conversation quite another way; began to rally the Duke, and presenting him to *Marianna*, *Your Party is likely now to be the stronger* (said she to her) *this Prince's Countenance does witness that his heart is already for you; and I believe*

zeve, that you cannot desire a Mediator more affectionate to your interests. The Princess stayed not for the Duke of *Alançon*'s Answer; and being willing to bring *Elizabeth* back to the same Discourse, which the Prince's arrival had interrupted; *Madam* (said she) *I do not doubt but that the Duke of* Alançon *would be generous enough to declare in the behalf of an afflicted Princess; but after what your Majesty hath been most graciously pleased to tell me, I believe that I no longer want a Mediator; and that I cannot have more powerful Sollicitors, than the Promises I have received from you.*

The Duke of *Alançon* was mightily perplexed as to what he should do, and percieving that he could not declare himself for the Princess, without creating a jealousie in the Queen, he was willing to withdraw; but the Queen, who be-

believed she should want his presence, to come off the easier from this enterview, retained him; and following her first design, she told him with a rallying air, that since Fortune had done so much, he must be the Princess's Knight, and that it was his duty to break the Enchantment of her Prison. *'Tis for your self, Madam* (replyed the Duke, with a more serious tone) *that so fair an Adventure is reserved, and I am far from envying you the Glory of it.* He durst say no more; but he accompanied these words with a look so obliging towards the Princess, as made her plainly understand, that he should be infinitely glad of being employed in so Glorious an Undertaking, as was that for her Liberty. The Queen desiring to put an end to a Conversation that tormented her, did at length renew the promises she had made the Princess, and

told her, even in the Duke of *Alançon's* preſence, that ſhe would make her Sign at the Contract of her Marriage. She added theſe laſt words expreſly, to prepare the Prince for what ſhe had reſolved to ſay to him. After that, pretending that her Health, which was not yet perfectly reſtored, would not give her leave to remain longer with the Princeſs, ſhe embraced her as tenderly as ſhe had done at firſt; and appeared ſo ſenſible of her parting, that ſhe ſhed tears. The Duke of *Alançon* was extreamly ſorry to depart ſo ſoon from a Perſon, whoſe ſight began to be his greateſt pleaſure; but there was no probability of bearing her Company, and to attempt it, had been the ready means to deſtroy her: All that he could do, was to expreſs with his eyes, what violence he did himſelf upon this occaſion, and giving the Queen

his

his hand, he led her to her Coach, which waited for her ſome two hundred paces from that place. *Elizabeth* would make uſe of that time to be reconciled to the Duke of *Alançon*, with whom ſhe had not yet been alone, ſince the Adventure of the Arbour. *I plainly perceive* (ſaid ſhe to him in purſuance of that Deſign) *that we are ſtill very angry, and that we ſhall want ſuch an Opportunity as this is to make us Friends.* The Duke of *Alançon*, who had almoſt forgot the Billet, which had given him ſo much vexation; and beſides, who had other things in his mind, that began to buſie it more, could hardly gueſs what the Queen meant, and he anſwered her coldly enough; but *Elizabeth* taking his coldneſs for an effect of his diſcretion, told him, that it was in vain to diſſemble his reſentment; that ſhe well knew that he was at the bottom

of his heart very much enraged a-gainſt her, and that the Earl of *Leiceſter* had repreſented her very baſely to him; but that the two Bil-lets he had ſeen, were a trick of his Rivals, who had the boldneſs to counterfeit her Seal, which was upon ſome Letters ſhe had been obliged to write unto him, to the end that ſhe might be eſteemed a deceitful Woman; that ſhe knew well enough how to puniſh the te-merity of this audacious Man, and that the Priſon into which ſhe had caſt him, was the leaſt part of the Chaſtiſement ſhe deſigned for his inſolency. She had invented this to juſtify her ſelf a ſecond time in the Duke of *Alançon's* opinion. The Prince remembred the Con-ference which he had had with the Earl of *Leiceſter*, the preſſure of Melancholly under which he had found him, and the furious tran-ſport into which the Earl had broke

out

out against the Queen, upon sight of the Billet he had shewn him, and a thousand other things that agreed not with the imposture whereof he was accused. So that judging this to be a new Snare, which the Queen laid for him, he took care from falling into it; and opposing Cunning to Cunning, he pretended to know nothing of the Queen's meaning, or of the Billets which she mentioned. *Elizabeth*, who knew well enough by the last Discourse she had had with the Earl of *Leicester*, that the Duke of *Alançon* spoke not to her with sincerity, took the Prince's dissimulation so ill, that she could not forbear making him reproaches.

But the Duke, out of a malice which he made use of as a kind of revenge, continued his disguise, and obstinately resolved not to come to any clearing of Matters with the

Queen

Queen; even ſo far, that being preſſed to take a place in her Coach, and to go and partake the pleaſures of the Country with her for ſome few days, he excuſed himſelf from it, with the fear of incommoding her; and taking the Road for *London*, not to augment her ſuſpicions, he lay at a Village which was four Leagues thence, where *Du Lac* was to wait for him.

He was no ſooner arrived, but he related his whole Adventure to this Gentleman, with all the marks that uſually attend paſſions in their Birth; and in a way ſo advantageous for the Princeſs, that *Du Lac* did not doubt, but that he was very much in love with her. But the Duke had as yet no ſuſpicion of it himſelf, and believed that he had no other Sentiments for *Marianna*, but thoſe of Generoſity and Compaſſion. So that he put himſelf

himself to no great trouble to combat a passion of which he was ignorant, and without dreaming of defending his own liberty, he no longer thought on any thing, but how to obtain the Princess's.

Du Las was one of the fittest Men in the World for an intrigue. The Governour of the Castle had Married an English Woman of his acquaintance. He resolved to make use of that way to gain him. This was not done without extream difficulty. The Governour's life lay at stake, and the Queen had given him such new Orders, as doubled his fidelity and strictness, but at length the Prince's liberality, and his Confidents dexterity, brought it about. This was not all; the Princess her self was also to be of the intelligence, and nothing could be done without her. The Duke could not see her but by night, and there was no probability

bability that her Virtue would consent to a thing, which, how innocent so ever it were in it self, would nevertheless have all the appearances of a Crime. To take away that difficulty, they believed it would be enough to gain one of her Maids, in whom she had the greatest Confidence; that after having engaged her in their Intrigue, the Governour of the Castle should put the Duke into her hands, and that she should afterwards introduce him into her Mistress's Chamber. All these things succeeded according to their designs; *Meneville*, so was that Confident called, took upon her to dispose of the Princess's Spirit to receive the Duke. They appointed the Night on which this entervisit should be made. All things being thus disposed, the Duke came disguised, and without any Equipage, to a Village near the Castle;

Caſtle; there he waited for the notice which the Governour was to give him, with a trouble and emotion that may be eaſily imagined; but here an incident breaks all theſe meaſures, and is about to plunge him into an Abyſs of misfortunes.

The Prince's unexpected arrival at the place of meeting with *Marrianna*, gave the Queen ſtrong ſuſpicions, they were increaſed by the diſorder which the firſt ſight of the Princeſs had created in his Countenance, and by the coldneſs he had expreſſed towards her, in the laſt diſcourſe they had held together. So that to ſet her mind at reſt, ſhe had placed Spies all about the Caſtle, to diſcover all that ſhould paſs there. The Governour's intrigue with *Du Lac* could not be brought to an end, without ſeveral Journeys. *Elizabeth* was advertiſed of them; her

jealouſies

jealouſies were redoubled, and being eaſily allarmed on that account, ſhe was not ſatisfied with the precautions ſhe had taken: She would be informed of all things her ſelf. Secrecy was neceſſary for her deſign; ſhe pretended to go and make the Princeſs a Viſit, and arrived at the Caſtle before it was ſo much as known, that ſhe was upon the way thither. The firſt thing which ſhe did, after her entrance, was to call for the Governour; this Order allarmed him, as much as the Queen's arrival had ſurprized him; but his fear was very much redoubled, when *Elizabeth*, being ſhut up with him in the Room, and looking upon him with a menacing eye, ſaid to him, *Is it thus you perform the Commiſſions that are given you, and have I intruſted you with the keeping of this Caſtle, to be betrayed by your Correſpondence, and ſecret Practices with my Enemies?* He

He would have defended himself, but the Queen not letting him have the liberty to ſpeak: *Go* (perſued ſhe with an air yet more enraged) *get out of my ſight, or confeſs immediately a fault, which you can conceal no longer from me.* This poor Man believed himſelf utterly undone: He doubted not but that the Queen had been informed of his whole intrigue with the Duke of *Alançon*; ſo that having recourſe to ſighs and tears, he threw himſelf upon his knees, and faithfully related to her all that paſt; even to tell her, that the Duke of *Alançon* was to come to the Caſtle that very Night, and that he waited only for notice from him to be there.

After he had given over ſpeaking, the Queen remained ſome time without making any anſwer, as if ſhe had ſtudied what reſolution ſhe had to take; afterwards cauſing

causing him to rise up, and mitigating something of the severity of her look, *I promise you* (said she) *to pardon you all, provided that you acquit your self more faithfully of the Order that I am about to give you, than you have done of the others.* Madam (*replied the Governour*) there is nothing which I will not act to deserve the pardon which you give me, and your Majesty hath no more to do, than to instruct me in what you desire from me. *'Tis* (said she) *that you give the Duke the notice that he expects from you, and that instead of introducing him into* Marianna's *Chamber, you bring him into mine.* What will not the fear of death work upon a weak and Mercinary Soul? This Man who had made no scruple of failing in his Fidelity to the Queen, made none likewise of betraying the Duke of *Alançon*, and of sending him the notice

notice he had promiſed. The young Prince had hardly made any reflection upon what he was going to undertake: The Novelty of the Adventure, and the pleaſure he expected from it, had entirely taken up his thoughts; but when he ſaw himſelf upon the point of entering at Midnight a Princeſs's Chamber, whom he was ſo little acquainted with, without knowing perfectly what colour he ſhould give ſo extraordinary a Deſign; he began to tremble, and then made the firſt tryal of a paſſion which he had never known before. Nevertheleſs he came to the Caſtle with as much ſpeed as he could. The Governour received him at the Gate, and, without telling him any thing of the Queen's arrival, conducted him into her Chamber, inſtead of bringing him into the Princeſs's Appartment.

Elizabeth looked upon this Opportunity as the moſt proper to diſcover clearly the real Sentiments of the Duke of *Alançon*, but apprehending the tone of her voice would make her known, ſhe made one of her Maids be put in Bed to act her part; ſhe had given her all neceſſary inſtructions to do it well; and having left only two Candles lighted in the Room, ſhe withdrew into a Cloſet, from whence ſhe could hear every thing. The Duke, who was then in a hurry, and thought only on what he had reſolved to ſay to the Princeſs, was far from miſtruſting any ſuch foul play; beſides, he had never heard her ſpeak but once in his life, ſo that there was no great difficulty to put that Maid upon him for the Princeſs *Marianna*.

That which I do is ſo bold, Madam (ſaid he, in throwing himſelf at

at her Beds-feet; *that nothing but the motive that brings me to you, can ſerve me for an excuſe. I will therefore confeſs unto you, Madam, that I can no longer ſuffer that the Faireſt, and the moſt innocent Perſon of the whole World ſhould be the moſt abuſed, and that they ſhould deprive of Liberty a Princeſs, to whom all the World ought to be enſlaved. Until I had the honour of ſeeing you, I was contented to lament your misfortunes, with the reſt of* Europe; *but now I think I owe you ſomething elſe beſides an unprofitable compaſſion, and I ſhould reproach my ſelf eternally of Cowardiſe, if I were not ready to mingle all the blood in my veins with my tears. 'Tis this blood, Madam, which I come to offer you, together with the life it animates, to deliver you from the cruel Tyranny of Perfidious* Elizabeth; *and I flatter my ſelf, that Fortune has not brought*

me

me into England, *but to re-eſtabliſh you in the rank that is due to your Birth.* The Maid ſuffered him to ſpeak as long as he had a mind to it, according to the Order which ſhe had received from Queen *Elizabeth*; and replying to him, *I am very much obliged unto you, Sir,* (ſaid ſhe, with an air cold *enough*) *for the Sentiments which you ſay you have for me, and for the Proffers which you make me; but you will be pleaſed to pardon me, if I tell you, that notwithſtanding I am ſo much a ſtranger to the World, the deſign which brought you into this Realm, hath not failed to reach even my ears; and methinks that the intereſt which you ſeem willing to take in my misfortunes, is no very good Expedient to gain* Elizabeth's *heart, and to aſcend her Throne.*

Madam (replied the Duke) *I will diſguiſe none of my Sentiments from*

from you; the hope of a Crown is an allurement powerful enough over a young Prince's heart, for me to confess without shame, that I became sensible of it. But I knew neither the Princess Marianna's *Beauty, nor* Elizabeth's *Deceit, when I suffered my self to be surprized with it; she has betrayed me, Madam, as well as you; and I have no less reason to hate her, than your self. I will say no more of it now, and I will not lose a time so precious in a Relation which would be as troublesome as unprofitable; be only perswaded, that I have no longer any tye with the Queen, which may hinder me from binding my self blindly to your interests, and that Fortune could not do any thing for me more advantageous, than to give me the means of finishing the course of your disgraces, or of partaking with you the severity of them.*

But

But what is your Design Sir (replied the Maid) *and what likelyhood have you to deliver me from this place? give me only leave to act, Madam,* (replied the Duke) *I desire nothing but your consent, and provided that you approve of what I shall do, I will warrant you the success of my undertaking. Liberty is so sweet a thing* (replied the Counterfeit *Marianna*) *that I must be my own Enemy, to refuse the advantageous proffers you make me; but methinks in the present State of Affairs, nothing ought to be precipitated. You were a witness of the conversation I had t'other day with the Queen; you have not forgot the Promises she made me in your presence, you ought to wait some time for the effect of them, before you attempt any thing. After that, if you find your self in the same humour in which you seem now to be, I give you leave to do all that it shall please you,*

you, and abandon my ſelf entirely to your Conduct.

Ha Madam (interrupted the Duke) *have you ſtill any confidence in* Elizabeth's *Promiſes, after ſo much treachery and perfidiouſneſs, which ought to give you an abhorrence of her. I tell it you, Madam, with extream ſorrow; but I ſhould betray you as well as ſhe, ſhould I flatter you; all the aſſurances ſhe hath given you, are ſo many perjuries which ſhe contrives, and if you expect your Liberty from her alone, you run the risk of being eternally in Bondage. It may be, Sir* (ſaid this Tool of *Elizabeth's*) *that you are not ſo well acquainted with the Queen's humour as you think you are; there are certain lucky and favourable moments, wherein things which were believed the moſt impoſſible, have frequently come to paſs. I hope that it will be ſo with my Liberty, and that after having made ſo many*

unprofitable endeavours to recover it, this laſt ſucceſs will comfort me for all my troubles. The fear I am in leſt you ſhould chance to be diſcovered (added ſhe) *will not ſuffer me to detain you any longer, and I believe that you are ſufficiently perſwaded of my acknowledgments, without my returning you freſh thanks.* The Duke found not in this entertainment all the ſweetneſs he had fancied to himſelf. And the Princeſs had not in his opinion entred into ſuch ſentiments, as the condition of her fortune ought to inſpire her with. But whereas the Idea of the fair *Marianna* had ſtill employed his mind, and whereas he believed, that ſo much moderation in a Perſon, who had ſo ſtrong reaſons for reſentment, could not proceed but from the little confidence ſhe had in him, he was very much afflicted to depart, without having had time to convince her of

of the ſincerity of his intentions, and of the hatred which he had for *Elizabeth*; but apprehending to incommode her with his longer ſtay, he withdrew, in hopes to effect by a ſecond Converſation, what he had failed in the firſt.

This Converſation was a rigorous tryal of the Queen's patience; and if ſhe received ſome ſatisfaction in diſcerning the Duke of *Alançon*'s Sentiments, ſhe had much more vexation to ſee her ſelf ſo blackned in that Prince's opinion. The words which he made uſe of had exaſperated her ſo much againſt him, that ſhe was capable in the firſt tranſports of her anger, to proceed even to the moſt bloody extremities: And ſhe was jealous enough of her Reputation, to rid her ſelf of a Man, who could deſame her over all *Europe*: But ſhe had too many meaſures to obſerve with *France*, to give way to

her *reſentment*, ſhe expected even the concluſion of a Treaty, by which, upon ſome Chimerical pretenſions, they were to reſtore to her *Rochel*, a Town famous for its Trade, and for the Beauty of the Ladies that inhabit there. Her Fury, perceiving it ſelf reſtrained on that ſide, was wholly turned againſt the Princeſs. She could not imagine that the Duke of *Alançon*'s advances proceeded only from a pure Compaſſion; but was perſwaded that ſome more preſſing motive had cauſed him to undertake ſo bold and difficult a buſineſs. Then, without examining any farther what it might be, a furious jealouſie ſeized her Spirit; ſhe looked upon the Princeſs as an Ambitious Rival, who ſought only to aſcend the Throne, and who would do all her endeavours to ſnatch the Scepter out of her hands, after having robbed her of a Lover's heart,

heart, who was much dearer to her, than he had appeared Criminal.

There needed not so much to make her take fatal Resolutions; but she was too much a Politician not to perceive that she should be suspected of all the mischief which should happen to the Princess during her Imprisonment, and her Reputation was no less dear to her then her revenge. So that to satisfy the one, and to preserve the other at the same time, she resolved to restore the Princess's Liberty, to the end that she might dispatch her with the less noise, and secure her self with the greater ease from the suspicions of destroying her. This was the Resolution she took, during the rest of the Night, and she performed it in the Morning: *Marianna* was hardly awake, when she saw the Queen enter her Chamber, who accosting

her with a ſmiling and flattering air; *I come to ſurprize you very agreeably* (ſaid ſhe to her) *and I believe that I cannot bid you good morrow with a better grace, than by giving you your Liberty.*

It is eaſie to imagine the Princeſs's ſurprize upon this occaſion: *Elizabeth's* promiſes had given her ſome hopes, but ſhe expected not ſo ſpeedy a performance of them; ſhe had not heard one word of her arrival, and not being able to conceive by what Enchantment ſhe ſaw her at her awaking. *Pardon me, Madam* (ſaid ſhe in Saluting her) *if I ſtill am doubtful of what I hear, ſince I doubt even of what I ſee, and ſince my eyes dare hardly aſſure me that you are the Queen. I did indeed imagine* (replied the Queen) *that you would not eaſily believe me at the firſt; but the news I tell you, will for that reaſon be more agreeable unto you, and it ſhall be your fault*

fault only, if you find them not more true, than unexpected. All these assurances made but weak impressions on the Princess's Spirit, she felt something at the bottom of her heart, which would not suffer her to receive the joy which such news ought to give her, and this beam of hope appeared to her like a Sun shine just before a Storm, which it seemed willing to disperse.

Nevertheless she had the dexterity to dissemble her fear, and to express nothing of it to the Queen; but as soon as she saw her self at liberty to discourse with her favourite Maid, she opened her heart unto her in a way full of confidence, and said, *I know not what end I am to expect from so happy a beginning; but I must confess, that all* Elizabeth's *favours are suspected by me; methinks I have still much to suffer, and I*

cannot believe that the end of my misfortune is ſo near as it ſeems to be. There is nothing ſo dangerous, purſued ſhe, *as the mildneſs of thoſe People who never are accuſtomed to ſhew any; this turn of* Elizabeth's *is too ſudden to be ſincere, and I am very much afraid that this is rather a diſguiſe, than a real mitigation of her cruelty.*

This Maid entirely loved the Princeſs, ſhe apprehended it might add to her fear, if ſhe informed her of the courſe which the Duke of *Alançon* had taken to ſee her, and of the promiſe which ſhe had made the Governour to bring the Prince into her Miſtreſſes Chamber; ſo that ſhe had a good mind to make a Secret to her of this whole Intrigue; but that ſecrecy not agreeing with the Fidelity ſhe owed the Princeſs, who expreſſed to her as much Friendſhip, as Confidence, ſhe believed her ſelf obliged

obliged to inform her of all that had paſt, had it been only to ſeek expedients to prevent the conſequences of it. This Princeſs, who had an infinite goodneſs, and, beſides, who plainly ſaw that the Maid had acted only out of an exceſs of Affection for her, gave her not one vexatious word, but turning all her thoughts upon the preſent condition of her fortune, and running over in her mind the different misfortunes to which ſhe believed ſhe was going to be expoſed, her heart grew tender, and ſome tears rolled down from her eyes, *I plainly perceive* (ſaid ſhe in wiping them) *that my Life is to be nothing but a complication of miſeries, and that the end of one diſgrace will be always to me the beginning of another. For, in fine* (purſued ſhe, addreſſing her ſelf to *Menevile*) *I do not believe that the Duke of* Alançon *can have any ſhare in the*

Intrigue you mention; 'tis an artifice of the Queen's invention, that she may have a pretence to destroy me, and I am very sensible that my first apprehensions were but too well grounded; but what afflictions soever they denounce to me, I behold them without terrour, I have long since prepared my self for all that it shall please Heaven to ordain for me, and I expect no end to my misfortunes, but with that of my Life. Ah, Madam (replied *Meneville*, who was in despair for what she had done) *rid your self of a foresight that afflicts you, and seek not in futurity the mischiefs which never will arrive; you have suffered enough of real miseries, without creating to your self imaginary troubles; whatever you say unto me, I am verily perswaded, that it was the Duke of* Alançon *who made the Governour act, and that the Queen knew nothing of our Intelligence.*

telligence. *The Liberty ſhe gives you, is an effect of the promiſes ſhe made you ſome days ago, and your patience hath vanquiſhed the malice of your deſtiny. Cheer up your ſelf then, Madam* (purſued ſhe, throwing her ſelf upon her knees) *poyſon not the joy which you ought to have upon this occaſion, by fears more cruel than the miſeries themſelves, which occaſion them; make uſe to your advantage of the Queens favour, the liberty ſhe gives you will furniſh you with means to preſerve it; and were it true, that ſhe contrived ſome new miſchief againſt you, will it not be much eaſier for you to defend your ſelf from it, when you ſhall be at liberty, than if you ſtill remain in the condition wherein you now are.* All theſe Reaſons did not leſſen the Princeſs's trouble, though *Elizabeth* forgot nothing of her ſide to gain a confidence, and to diſſipate her fears.

ſears. She carried her that very day into the Country with her, ſhe gave her a ſhare in all her pleaſures, and imparted to her ſome of her ſecrets; there paſt nothing between them but careſſes, and proteſtations of Friendſhip, and a patcht reconciliation never had fairer appearances.

This News was too ſurprizing not to be ſoon publiſhed, and the Princeſs having a great many Favourers in *England*, all the World rejoyced at her Liberty.

The Duke of *Alançon* was the only Man who was afflicted at it, though he had the greateſt cauſe of joy; he underſtood that *Elizabeth* had lain in the Caſtle that very ſame night, on which he believed that he had diſcourſed with the Princeſs. This Circumſtance made him enter into ſome apprehenſions for her, and he

he who would have hazarded a thousand lives to deliver *Marianna* from her Prison, would give it now with all his heart, to place her there again.

In the mean time, not knowing that the Governour had betrayed him, and fearing to be discovered, if he made any longer stay in the Queen's neighbourhood, he speedily returned to *London*, from whence he was forced to depart in a very little time after, to go to the assistance of the Revolters in the *Netherlands*, who did long since sollicit him to come and put himself at the head of their Forces, to compleat their deliverance from the Tyrannical Dominion of the *Spaniards*.

The young Prince did not neglect to deface, by his brave actions in this War, the stains which his Voyage into *England* had seemed to cast upon his Renown; and

and his Courage being raiſed, either by the diſcontents which he received from *Elizabeth*, or by hope that the report of his Valour would reach *Marianna*'s ears, he rouſed in *Elizabeth*'s heart the paſſion which her reſentment againſt the Prince ſeemed to lay aſleep. She writ unto him Letters, no leſs obliging, than full of artifice; wherein mingling with the exceſſive praiſes ſhe gave him, ambiguous excuſes of her Conduct. She endeavoured to draw him once more into *England*, with the ſame Bait, as ſhe had done before. I will report only one of her Letters, which will make you judge of the reſt.

SIR,

I Have too great a ſhare in all your Concerns, to delay any longer the expreſſion of my joy for the ſucceſs of your Glorious Undertakeings.

ings. I rejoyce that the Spaniſh *Towns defend themſelves no better againſt you, than the Ladies hearts, and to ſee, that you daily juſtifie the choice I made of you, out of all the Princes of* Europe, *to make you a preſent of my Heart, and Crown. Methinks I may now receive comfort for being overcome by a Prince, who finds nothing that reſiſts him, and that there is ſome glory to augment the number of your Conqueſts, ſince you make none but what are Illuſtrious. If there be any thing afflicts me upon this occaſion; it is, that the manner that you parted with me, the laſt time we ſaw each other, makes me fear, leſt you wiſh me as much harm, as I wiſh you good. I ſhould be in deſpair, to have a quarrel with a Man who treats his Enemies ſo ill; return, I conjure you, as ſoon as is poſſible, to free me from this unquietneſs, as well as from the continual fears*

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which the dangers whereunto your Life is inceſſantly expoſed, do give me. I am every hour afraid leſt the fortune of the War ſhould rob you in a moment of all the fruit of your Labours; and leſt thoſe Lawrels which coſt you ſo much ſweat, may at length be ſoyled with a blood which I would ranſome at the expence of my own. Believe me, Sir, what honours ſoever you may have won, they equal not thoſe which I prepare for you at your return; and I hope that I ſhall make you at ſome time confeſs, that there is leſs pleaſure in gaining Victories in Flanders, *than in Reigning in* England, *and in the heart of*

Elizabeth.

How preſſing ſoever was this Letter, with three or four others of the ſame ſtile; the Duke of *Alançon* was become ſo ſuſpicious, by

by reaſon of the experience he had made, that he never could have reſolved to return into *England*, had he not been called thither, by a Charm more powerful than Queen *Elizabeth's* Promiſes.

The Princeſs *Marianna's* beauty, whoſe Picture he had always preſerved, and the allarms the Queens Cruelty continually gave him, for that fair Princeſs's Life, did not permit him to ſtay any longer from her. He therefore diſpoſed himſelf for his return, contrary to the Counſels of *Du Lac*, and the preſſing ſollicitations of the *Flemmings*, who would not have let him depart, had he not ſhewn them the Queen's Letters, and promiſed to come back to them, as ſoon as it would be poſſible for him.

He therefore departed, after having given order for every thing, with a great deal of care; and

and chance would have it, that he arrived at *London*, the very day before, that the Queen, who with the Princeſs had continued all that while in the Country, returned thither. So that without giving himſelf time to reſt, after the fatigue of his Voyage, and to receive the Compliments which all Men prepared to give him, he went on the morrow to meet the Queen and Princeſs, in company of ſeveral Lords of the Realme, who went, not ſo much to make their Court to the Queen, as to ſatisfie their curioſity of ſeeing the Princeſs *Marianna*. They met them on the way, within four Leagues of *London*, both in the ſame Coach; the ſight of the Duke of *Alançon* gave Queen *Elizabeth* a great deal of joy, time had worn away a great part of her anger, and the great qualities of that Prince, which common Fame did every

every where publiſh, had almoſt obliged her once more to wiſh him her Husband; ſo that ſhe received him with a thouſand marks of eſteem, and this enterview was full of ſatisfaction on both ſides. After the Duke of *Alançon* had Saluted the Queen, and Princeſs, he preſented to them all the Lords, whom Queen *Elizabeth* received with the beſt grace in the world. She gave the Duke of *Alançon* a thouſand praiſes in their preſence, and the Prince having anſwered her with as much modeſty, as wit, he turned the Converſation upon a Subject, which was much more agreeable to him. *Madam*, ſaid he to the Queen, *methinks your Majeſty deſerves all thoſe praiſes, you are pleaſed to give me, and the Priſoner whom you have delivered, is worth a thouſand of ſuch Victories as you attribute to me.* The Princeſs bluſht at theſe words, and

and her bluſh did juſtifie what the Prince had ſaid. Her confuſion was not ſo great, as to hinder her from anſwering; yet ſhe did pretend to underſtand nothing of that Gallantry, either becauſe ſhe clearly ſaw, that the Queen would free her from the trouble of replying to it, or becauſe ſhe was afraid to be engaged ſo publickly in a Diſcourſe with the Duke. So that the Queen taking the word in her ſtead, *I know not* (ſaid ſhe) *whether the Princeſs will agree to what you ſay, but I fear this Priſoner will ſoon make Illuſtrious Captives, and that men who are accuſtomed to overcome, will not be altogether in ſecurity near her.*

The Duke without any difficulty underſtood the Queen's meaning; but as he was ſufficiently in love to be diſcreet, he choſe rather to appear a little leſs Gallant, than to hazard a Secret, which began

to

to be the ſerious buſineſs of his Life. He therefore diſſembled his real Sentiments from the Queen, and told her, *That as dangerous as that Priſoner was, the Men whom ſhe meant, need not fear her Charms, ſince they no longer had any liberty to loſe.*

Nevertheleſs, he pronounced theſe words in turning his whole body towards *Elizabeth*, and as ſoftly as was poſſible, to the end, that they might not be underſtood by *Marianna*. The Princeſs knowing what Engagements were between the Queen, and the Duke, thought it not proper for her to intrude into their Diſcourſe; beſides, having never ſeen the Duke but once, ſhe had little to ſay to him. The Duke for his part, was not much leſs circumſpect, and was for the future more careful of his Conduct, than he had been in the beginning. The Lords who came

came along with him, follow e his example; for apprehending to diſpleaſe the Queen, they concealed part of their joy for the Princeſs's enlargement, and made demonſtration only of ſo much as decency and civility obliged them to. But the People, who were not to obſerve the ſame meaſures as the Courtiers, received *Mariana* with all the marks of a publick cheerfulneſs. It cannot be imagined what preſſing there was to ſee her, and the Guards had much ado to keep off the crowd, which ſo rational a curioſity had gathered about the Coach. *Elizabeth* received a thouſand bleſſings as ſhe went along, and they never gave her ſo many expreſſions of amity, and good will; ſhe plainly perceived to whom ſhe was indebted for them; her jealouſie was encreaſed, and her cruel Reſolutions were the more confirmed

firmed thereby; but doubling her diſſimulation, according to the neceſſity ſhe believed ſhe ſhould have of it, ſhe was no ſooner arrived, but ſhe gave the Princeſs one of the richeſt Apartments of the Palace, and ordered her an Equipage ſuitable to the greatneſs of her Birth, and ſtill continued to ſhew her ſo much favour, that the young Princeſs began to loſe her firſt ſuſpicions, and to have really for *Elizabeth* that affection which ſhe expreſſed towards her.

She had not of a long time enjoyed ſo peaceable a ſtate of mind, and her health, which the tediouſneſs of her confinement had a little altered, was now perfectly reſtored. So that ſhe became fairer then ever; and in a little time, ſhe gained over hearts an Empire far more noble than that which *Elizabeth* had deprived her of. The Conqueſt of the Duke of

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Alançon was too far advanced to remain imperfect; the young Prince, already half vanquish'd, could no longer resist so many charms: He at length became desperately in love with them, and his passion in a little time equalled that Beauty which had created it.

Love stays not long in a heart, without making it self known, and the Effects it produceth there, are the Marks that discover it. The Duke of *Alançon*, who had had some transitory Gallantries in the Court of *France*, soon perceived that the inclination he had for *Marianna* was not of that Character, and that compassion had a very little share in his Sentiments; he never went about to oppose a passion, which he found already formed. He would have been overjoyed to change *Elizabeth* for *Marianna*; this Princess's Beauty, and the just pretensions she

ſhe had to the Crown, no leſs flatter'd his Ambition, than his Love; ſhe had a party infinitely numerous, ready to declare for her. *Elizabeth* had ſeveral ſecret Enemies diſpoſed to revolt. It was matter worthy of the Duke of *Alançon's* Generoſity to re-eſtabliſh an injured Princeſs. The Prince, who was of an age which the love of Glory never inſpires but with noble undertakings, found ſomething ſo Heroical in this, that it re-inflamed his courage, and the hopes of revenging Queen *Elizabeth's* falſities, by Marrying with the faireſt Creature of the Age, finiſhed his reſolution. The firſt thing he had to do, was to engage the Princeſs in a deſign, of which ſhe her ſelf was the principal cauſe. The Duke of *Alançon's* heart could no longer conceal the paſſion which filled it, it had long ago deſired, with preſ-

ſing Sollicitations, the eaſe of diſcovering it. At laſt, after the uſual combat upon ſuch occaſions, he reſolved to do it. But that was not enough; it was almoſt impoſſible to ſpeak with the Princeſs, ſhe was (as it were) beſieged, and the Queen never forſook her.

Love has a thouſand tricks to deceive Spies; the Duke found out one which had ſucceſs. Being one day with the Queen, he approached a window, upon which the Princeſs, who was not far off, had left her Gloves; he purpoſely threw one of them down into a little Garden of Flowers that was under it, and ran haſtily to take it up again; and *Marianna*; being willing to ſpare him that trouble, they both met, as he had foreſeen they ſhould, upon the Stairs, which lead into the Garden, whereinto the Glove was fallen, *Madam* (ſaid he, with a tone between brisk, and

and ſerious) *you expect poſſibly excuſes for the pains which my indiſcretion gives you; but you will be very much ſurpriſed, if I make you reproaches. Why?* (replied the Princeſs.) *Without ſuſpecting you of being little acknowledging* (purſued the Duke) *you will, Madam, confeſs, that there is ſome ſort of ingratitude to rob thoſe of their liberty, who were ſo much concerned for yours.* The Princeſs, who did not thoroughly underſtand theſe words, told the Duke that they were Riddles to her; the Prince eſteemed them too intelligible to want an explanation; and not divining what could render them ſo obſcure to the Princeſs, he believed, that ſhe pretended only n to underſtand them, as the great part of Women do, to draw o a more open declaration. So tha this thought increaſing his boldneſs. *I will explain my ſelf more*

clearly Madam (said he) *since you desire it, and will ingenuously confess, that having not been able to see you unfortunate, without pitying you, I could not see you so beautiful, without loving you, during the tediousness of your cruel Captivity. I thought I had only a compassion for you, which would end with your Misfortunes; but your Chains are broken, Madam, and I find my self more sensible for you than ever. Divine what may cause it, and consider whether in your present Condition you can inspire any other Passion than that of Love.*

The Princess was so surprised at this Declaration, that she knew not at first after what manner she ould take it; but at length, perving that the place where she s did not permit her to stay ng with the Duke, she told him, *hat she was so little accustomed to hear things of the nature that he had*

had said unto her, that she desired to be excused, if she deferred until another time the answer which she could not then make him; that he knew, as well as her self, the Queen's humour, who without doubt observed them, and had already perceived that they were together.

The beginning of this Confidence charmed the Duke, he was very willing to say more unto her, but the Princess began already to mount the Stairs. *Ah! Madam* (said the Duke in staying her by the Robe) *Grant me at least one moment I conjure you, and give me not over to the cruel uncertainty you leave me in. It cannot be,* (replied the Princess) *but it shall not be my fault, if I give you not at another time the satisfaction you desire:* She said these last words in going up Stairs, so that the Duke perceived not the blush that attended them. But *Elizabeth,*

who let nothing escape, observed it presently, and seeing the Duke enter in a moment after, with the remainders of the emotion which was occasioned by what he had done, she judged, that the fall of the Glove was not an effect of chance, but that it was a thing agreed upon between the Duke and Princess. She rallied with them for it as it were by way of Discourse; but she in vain counterfeited pleasantness, the tone of her voice had nothing in it of raillery, and made too plain a demonstration of the secret jealousie which made her speak. There hapned almost the same thing to the Duke and Princess. The subject matter of that jesting was of too much consequence to divert them; and though they both had an infinite deal of wit, they could not so well reply to the Queen's railleries, but that she observed

something

ſomething ſerious in the midſt of the jollity that they affected; ſo that none of them deceived the other, and inſtead of diſguiſing their Sentiments, they all made a further diſcovery of them.

This Converſation was too delicate and perplexing to laſt long. The Princeſs, who was very impatient to be alone, was the firſt that broke it, and retired into her Appartment, as thoughtful as could be imagined, after the Adventure which had hapned to her. She was not the only one in the Court of *England*, who had been ſenſible of the Duke of *Alançon*'s Charms. She had often made ſecret Vows for the breaking off his Marriage, and as often as ſhe heard it ſaid that it would never be accompliſht, ſhe felt a certain joy at the bottom of her heart, of which ſhe knew not the cauſe. 'Tis true, ſhe made very little re-

flection upon it, and gave her self over to these movements, without giving her self the trouble of considering whence they did proceed; but the pleasure she received in hearing from the Duke of *Alançon*'s own mouth, that she had smitten him with Love, making her recollect her self, she perceived with sorrow, that this Love was not suitable to the distance at which she had always kept from Gallantry, she was confounded with shame for rejoycing at a thing which ought to have afflicted her; she reproached her self for the last words she had said to the Duke, as being a weakness, which would give him more contempt of her, than esteem. She thought of the measures she had to keep with *Elizabeth*, and how dangerous it was to entertain that Prince as a Lover, whom all the World regarded as her Husband.

In

In fine, so many things presented themselves to her mind, that to seek for some repose in the disturbance wherein she was, she went to bed, and desired to be left alone with *Meneville*, whose Company was almost all her comfort. She then related to her all that had past between the Duke, and her self; the invention that Prince made use of, the way he had spoken to her, and all the rest of this Adventure. Afterwards calling to mind what this Maid had formerly told her, of the earnestness the Duke of *Alançon* had shewn to see her, during her Imprisonment, and of the promise she had made to the Governour of the Castle, to introduce him into her Chamber; she found that all that agreed well enough with his words, and with the gallant reproach whereby he had begun the declaration he made to her;

So that ſhe began to believe that the Duke of *Alançon* had effectually made all thoſe advances to ſee her, and that the paſſion which that Prince had expreſſed to her, had ſprung out of compaſſion for her Misfortunes. *For if it be not ſo* (ſaid ſhe to her ſelf) *why ſhould he tell me that he had been concerned for my Liberty, and that he had not been able to ſee me unfortunate, without pitying me?* But then, if it be ſo, *Why did not the Governour of the Caſtle bring him, as it had been agreed upon between you? And why did he fail to be punctual in that point, after having proceeded ſo far? You will not be ſurprized at it, Madam,* ſaid the Maid, *when I ſhall have told you, that the Queen lay in the Caſtle that very ſame Night that the Duke of* Alançon *was to ſee you, and without doubt it was the fear of being diſcovered, that*

hindred the Governour from being so good as his word. That appeared so probable, that the Princess became of the same opinion as the Maid; so that this Discovery put an end to all the frights which she had been in upon this occasion. She began to believe, that the Queen had come to the Castle, without any other design, than that of restoring her to Liberty; and that perceiving her Authority thoroughly establisht, she had believed that she ran no hazard in delivering her out of Prison.

This thought did for some time appease the trouble wherein she was; but proceeding to make new reflections upon the Declaration the Duke had made, and upon the joy she had conceived at it, she took fresh allarms: She plainly perceived that that beginning of an Adventure would not be

be without conſequence. The Duke had not made ſuch a ſtep with a deſign of ſticking there; the air wherewith he had ſpoken to her, left her no room to doubt of his paſſion. She found in her ſelf a very great diſpoſition to acknowledge it, and expected but a very weak reſiſtance from her reaſon. In the mean time, to hearken to the Duke, was to expoſe her ſelf again to all *Elizabeth's* fury, and to replunge her ſelf in an Abyſs much more dreadful, than that was, out of which ſhe had eſcaped. *It muſt be confeſſed,* cryed out ſhe in theſe ſad Reflections, *that my deſtiny hath ſomething in it very ſtrange; I am no ſooner eſcaped out of one danger, but I ſee my ſelf engaged in another. For, in fine, how ſoever I carry my ſelf towards the Duke of* Alançon, *if it is true that he hath for me the ſentiments he has expreſ-*

ſed,

ſed, the Queen will not be long without taking notice of them. I know not whether her penetration has not gone before even my fears, and whether her ſuſpicions have not already reached beyond the truth. Madam (interrupted *Meneville*) *there comes into my head a thought, that will poſſibly appear to you a little fooliſh in your preſent Condition, but I cannot forbear to mention it to you; and if you will be pleaſed to take the pains to examine it.*

What is it then (interrupted the Princeſs) *'Tis* (purſued *Meneville*) *that you would ſpare the Duke of* Alançon *all thoſe unprofitable ſteps, which Women are accuſtomed to ſuffer the Men to make, before they give them a favourable hearing; and which for the moſt part are good for nothing but to, diſcover a Paſſion they cannot afterwards conceal, whatever precau-*

tions

tions they may take for that purpose. Is this (said the Princess) *the good advice you give? I doubted Madam* (pursued the Confident) *that you would not at first approve of it; but if you will consider it a little, you will not possibly find it so unreasonable as you immagine. For indeed,* continued she, *can you desire a Lover more worthy of you, than this Young Prince? Hath he not all the Qualities that can exalt a Man above others? The Consummation of his Marriage with the Queen, begins already to be desperate; and for my own part, I believe, that Fortune brought him into* England *for you alone. This is a favourable opportunity to free your self from* Elizabeth's *Tyranny, and perhaps you shall never find the like again, if you lose this.*

These Reasons were supported by the impressions which the Duke's

Duke's Charms had made in the Princeſs's Spirit, and ſhe would have been glad to hide the inclination of her heart under a pretext of policy; but her mind was ſtill ſo repleniſhed with the Ideas of her confinement, and the ſtate of her Fortune appeared to her ſo tottering, that it was hard for her to entertain thoughts ſo gay, as thoſe of a Gallantry. So that rejecting the advice *Meneville* gave her, ſhe told her, *That ſhe would indeed be glad to have the Duke of* Alançon *for a Protector, but that ſhe never thought of making him her Lover. That he had too ſtrict bonds with the Queen for that, That the advances he had made to her Majeſty, were ſufficient demonſtrations of his Ambition; That his Marriage was not quite broke off for being delayed; and that he was far from forſaking the hopes of a Crown, of which he was almoſt aſ-*

ſured,

ſured, to unite himſelf to a Princeſs's Fortunes, who had only a Title to it, and even that uncertain. Nevertheleſs (added ſhe) *if I believed that he had other Sentiments, and that he was generous enough to ſacrifice all theſe advantages to the paſſion which he has expreſſed for me, I would not be anſwerable for my own heart, and I know not whether it would have ſtrength enough to defend it ſelf: But alas* (purſued ſhe) *theſe examples of Generoſity are no longer found, the Duke of* Alançon *is infallibly made like other men, he will retake his heart with the ſame eaſe as he may have given it; and the firſt aſſurances of Friendſhip* Elizabeth *ſhall give him, will prevail in a moment, over the feeble impreſſions which I may have been able to make upon his Spirit: But if he were conſtant enough to love me for ever, and if he ſhould diſtinguiſh himſelf from*

thoſe

those of his own Sex, by that, as well as by all other things; yet Ambition would still work in him the same effect as inconstancy.

While the Princess entertained her self after this manner, *Elizabeth* was not much less disturbed. The Adventure of the Glove had made her gather all those consequences which the Princess had foreseen she would, and her vexation had almost made the storm, which was long since formed in the bottom of her heart, to break out upon this occasion; but she was willing to mannage the interest of her Love, together with that of her Revenge, and to do her endeavour to assure her self of the Duke of *Alançon*, before she destroyed the Princess.

It is usual enough for Persons, who are disturbed by two such violent passions, to change their Resolutions and Sentiments, accordingly

cordingly as one of thoſe two becomes the ſtronger. *Elizabeth*'s heart did long ſince experience that viciſſitude, and it being equally divided, between the love of her Authority, and that which ſhe had for the Duke of *Alançon*; theſe two paſſions deſtroyed and maſtered each other by turns, ſo that her mind could ſtick upon no fixed reſolution. But at length her inclination for the Prince being very much augmented, and the jealouſie *Marianna*'s Beauty gave her, having turned the Ballance on Love's ſide, ſhe reſolved to do her utmoſt endeavours to reſiſt the Charms of ſo dangerous a Rival.

Some have believed that her paſſion did at laſt carry her ſo far, as that ſhe had a deſign to Marry the Duke of *Alançon*, contrary to the Reſolutions ſhe had once taken; to the end that ſhe might

might deprive the Princeſs of all hopes of that Marriage; but ſhe was contriving another expedient, to ſet her heart at reſt upon that ſcore. Beſides, there was little probability, that knowing as ſhe did, the averſion the Prince had for her, ſhe ſhould deſire to take for her Husband, that Man, whom ſhe daily diſcovered to be the greateſt Enemy ſhe had in the World. However, ſhe acted almoſt as if that had been her intention; and this was not the firſt time that jealouſie hath produced the like effects in Perſons ſo apt as *Elizabeth* was to that malicious paſſion.

The Duke of *Alançon* was very much ſurpriſed to ſee the Queen redouble her favours, when he leaſt deſerved them; but he was much more aſtoniſht one day, when *Elizabeth* having engaged him in a particular Converſation,

verſation, ſhe ſpake to him after the following manner. *I doubt not, Sir, but that my delays may have given you an ill opinion of my ſincerity, and that you may have believed I would break my word with you, becauſe I have hitherto delayed the performance of my Promiſes; but if you have been willing to make a little reflection upon thoſe things which I told you, the firſt time we ſaw each other, you might have drawn thence concluſions for my juſtification, which would perhaps have ſuſpended your judgement. Indeed* (perſued ſhe, without giving him time to anſwer) *I confeſs unto you, that I would have been glad, before the conſummation of our Marriage, to oblige the Earl of* Leiceſter *to quit is pretentions; and I was in hopes that the competition of ſuch a Prince as you, would make him acknowledge his temerity; but he, on the contrary,*

trary, becoming more bold, and more insolent after your arrival, even to that degree, as to counterfeit my Seal (as I very well remember I have told you upon another occasion) *to render my Faith suspected by you; you know to what extremities I was forced to proceed, in order to chastise his Audacity. I plainly perceived at the time I took this Resolution, that I should exasperate a part of the Parliament, which hath always protected him; and that I should find a great deal of difficulty to make his favourers assent to our Marriage; but I had always hopes to bring it about in time; and I flattered my self that your presence would assist me very much, to overcome this new Obstacle. In the mean time, notwithstanding all my endeavours for that purpose, I have not yet been able to succeed in it. I have been several times upon the point of discovering to you every thing;*

but

but I ſtill apprehended leſt you ſhould believe that it was only a pretence for my delays, and I was unwilling to tell you any thing of it, until I ſhould have ſeen my ſelf in a condition to joyn effects to words, that I might leave you in no uncertainty. You are then about to know (purſued ſhe) *that I am more ſincere than you have perhaps imagined; and without ſtaying for the conſent of ſome ſeditious Perſons, who will without doubt yield after the example of others; This Ring, which I give you, as the firſt pledge of our Marriage, ſhall aſſure you, that I will be always ready to conclude it as ſoon as you pleaſe.*

This Diſcourſe of *Elizabeth*'s was not altogether without foundation, and it was true, that one part of the Parliament did oppoſe her Marriage. But the Duke of *Alançon* knew well enough that the Earl of *Leiceſter* was not the cauſe of

of it, and that the intereſt of the Proteſtant Religion, of which they were apprehenſive, was the only Motive that made them act. So that the Prince judging of the Queen's whole Diſcourſe by that part of it, believed that it contained no truth at all; and he conſidered it as a new Snare laid by *Elizabeth* to entrap him; but the reaſons he had to ſay nothing, that might make his paſſion be ſuſpected, obliging him to much obſervance, he made no difficulty to accept the Ring preſented him by the Queen, and to receive it even with great expreſſions of acknowledgment. Not but that his love for the Princeſs was ſtrong enough to oppoſe that Engagement; but he made no queſtion but that *Elizabeth* would be the firſt to break it, and that ſhe would ſpare him the pains of being worſe than his word.

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In the mean time *Elizabeth* caused the preparations for her Marriage to be renewed. Nothing else was discoursed of at Court, and those who had always doubted it before, began then to change their Opinions.

The Duke of *Alançon*, who was capable of nothing but Love, and who at that time coveted not the Crown, but to put it on *Marianna*'s head, found nothing in those Reports that flattered him, but the hopes of shewing that Princess, how he was ready to forsake all for her. He went with this design to visit her, and having been so happy as to find her alone, *Madam* (said he) *will you at this day grant me the favour you made me hope for at the Queen's Appartment, and will you at last instruct me what is to be my destiny. I believe, Sir* (said Marianna) *that you may be*

better

better informed of it, from common Fame, than from my mouth; and I do not think, that having Elizabeth's *consent, you ſtand in need of my ſuffrage, to make your ſelf King of* England. The Princeſs pronounced theſe words with an air ſufficiently denoting, that the report ſpread abroad was not indifferent to her; and it was a kind of ambiguous reproach, which ſhe made the Duke of *Alançon*, becauſe he made declarations of Love to her, when he was upon the point of being Married to another.

"Ah! Madam (*replied the Duke*) "I foreſaw the anſwer you would "make me, and I knew well e-"nough that what is ſaid in the "world, would not fail to render "my ſincerity ſuſpected by you. "I therefore took this opportunity "to prevent ſuch ſuſpicions as may "ariſe from my conduct, and to

 "deſtroy

" deſtroy thoſe which you may
" perhaps have already conceived.
" For, Madam (*purſued he with an
" action very paſſionate*) I am come
" only to aſſure you, that I own
" no other greatneſs than that of
" ſerving you; and that I am
" ready to renounce all the Em-
" pires in the World, to ſubmit my
" ſelf to that you have acquired
" over my heart. Speak then,
" Madam, continued he, throwing
" himſelf upon his knees, and be
" perſwaded, that I eſteem it more
" glorious to lye at your feet,
" than to be upon a Throne which
" *Elizabeth* hath wreſted from you.
" I ſhould be ſorry (*replied the
" Princeſs, in obliging him to riſe*)
" to be the diſappointment of your
" Fortune, and notwithſtanding
" what you tell me, I believe
" that I cannot do any thing for
" you, that may recompence the
" loſs of a Crown. I am not hap-

" py

"py enough (*replied the Duke,*)
"to have a Crown to lose for your
"sake, since Heaven has bestowed
"none upon me; and I will not
"render my self an accomplice of
"*Elizabeth*'s Crimes, in sharing
"with her your Spoils. For in
"fine, Madam, though the pas-
"sion I have for you, should still
"leave some room for ambition in
"my heart, I would endeavour to
"satisfie it by ways less infamous,
"and more lawful, than that of
"Usurpation: The Crown of *En-*
"*gland* is a good that I am no
"longer allowed to covet, since it
"appertains to you, and if I desi-
"red any other, it would be, Ma-
"dam, only to accompany the
"present I make you of my heart.
"Explain your self then, Madam,
"once more, and if it be only the
"care of my Fortune that restrains
"you, be assured, that however
"you treat me, I will never desire

" any other fate than yours. The Duke of *Alançon* uttered theſe laſt words with ſo ſincere an air, that the Princeſs was moved at it. The inclination, ſhe felt at the bottom of her heart, for the Prince, was more perſwaſive than himſelf. So that not being able to reſiſt ſuch powerful Sollicitations, " How " preſſing are you, Sir, *ſaid ſhe,* " *putting her hand over her face to* " *hide her trouble,* what will you " have me tell you? does not the " condition wherein you ſee me " let you underſtand enough? And " do not you know that there are " certain confeſſions which a wo- " man cannot make without con- " fuſion? She had thitherto ſtill kept her eyes fixed on the ground, as if ſhe had not dared to look upon the Duke; but ſhe had then recourſe to them, to finiſh the anſwer ſhe had begun to make, and turning them ſweetly upon him,

ſhe

ſhe let him ſee a certain diſorder ſo moving, that the Prince almoſt died with joy.

There was a probability that theſe two Lovers would not part until they had made all the aſſurances of a mutual tenderneſs; but this Conference, whoſe beginning had been ſo pleaſant, ended by an adventure which gave *Elizabeth* the higheſt provocation, and haſtned the Princeſs's ruin.

The Duke of *Alançon* had a certain weakneſs in his conſtitution, which made him ſwoon away at the ſcent of Roſes. The Princeſs who loved them mightily, had abundance of them in her Flowerpots about the Chamber. The Duke who had no eyes but for the Princeſs *Marianna*, did not perceive theſe Flowers, ſo that they had time to work all their effects upon him, and as he was already very much tranſported with ſo tender a con-

verſation, the Princeſs was very much amazed to ſee him on the ſudden change colour, and fall down into the arms of one of her Maids, who advanced purpoſely to ſupport him. It is difficult enough to judge of the perplexity which this accident gave her; but it was quite another thing, when ſhe ſaw the Queen come in, who had unluckily choſen that time to viſit her; ſhe found the Princeſs in diſorder, the Duke of *Alançon* ſtretcht out upon the Floor; four or five Women about him, with the earneſtneſs, as may be fancied, upon ſuch an occaſion. What an unſeaſonable viſit was this? When we are in love with any one, we are eaſily perſwaded, that the party is beloved by others, as well as by our ſelves. Queen *Elizabeth* eaſily ſuſpected *Marianna* guilty of a weakneſs which ſhe felt her ſelf. The Princeſs had then all the emo-

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tion of a woman, who had newly made her first confession to a man, that she loved him: the vexatious consequences that might follow that Prince's Trance, gave her a certain disquiet, mixt with a tenderness, which left nothing concealed in her heart. *Elizabeth*, whom a thousand reasons rendred penetrating, failed not to take the Duke's Trance for the effect of an amorous Transport. She judged that it must have proceeded from some extraordinary cause, and gave herself over entirely to her suspicions. In the mean time they endeavoured to bring the Duke of *Alançon* to himself again; *Elizabeth* sent in all haste for her Physicians; and at length, by their assistance, he recovered the use both of his senses and speech.

He was strangely surprised, when he opened his eyes, to see the Queen by his side. He in that

moment foreſaw all that *Marianna* had to fear from that adventure, and perceiving that it was of the utmoſt conſequence to juſtifie her to the Queen, he recovered all the preſence of his mind, to deliver her out of ſo bad a circumſtance. This was not the firſt time that the like accident had hapned to him; caſting his eyes all about the Chamber, he accidentally perceived the Flower-pots, in which the Roſes were. *There, Madam* (ſaid he, in ſhewing them to the Queen) *is the cauſe of my ſwooning; the ſame thing has often hapned to me in the Court of* France; *'tis a weakneſs that was born with me, for which I can find no remedy.* The Phyſicians who were preſent reaſoned about it, according to their cuſtom, and were of opinion that ſuch a thing might be; few men are ignorant, that one of the Princes of the Family of *Guiſe* was ſubject to the ſame acci-

accident: but *Elizabeth* was far from imagining so extraordinary, and so surprizing a cause, whilst that her Jealousie furnish'd her with one so natural, and which suited so well with the aversion she had for *Marianna*. She was glad to find a person criminal, whom she was resolved to destroy, and to have some reason that might fortifie her against the Horrour her Conscience gave her for the crime she was about to commit. But as if there had been still wanting something else to fix her resolution, this accident was followed by another which turned into a fury all the passion she had for the Duke of *Alançon*, and which alone would have been sufficient to induce her to the most dreadful extremities.

Immediately after the last conference she had held with the Duke of *Alançon*, she had given orders

for the preparing a Ball which was to be danced the very ſame day as all this that I have now related came to paſs. How vexed ſoever ſhe was at her departure from the Princeſs, there was no probability ſhe would break an appointment, to which the whole Court had been invited: Beſides, being on the point of executing the horrid deſign, which ſhe long ago did meditate; diſſimulation was more neceſſary for her than ever; ſhe therefore did all ſhe could to appear gay all the reſt of the day, and being deſirous to make a laſt Effort upon the Duke of *Alançon*'s heart, ſhe forgot nothing that might make her appear beautiful.

She cauſed her ſelf to be dreſſed with all the advantage as was poſſible for her; and having been informed, that there was one of the Princeſs's Maids who knew a new-

new-fashion'd Dress for the head, she sent for her to make tryal of it. But what additiou of grief did she receive, when she saw upon the Maids Finger the Ring she had three or four days before given the Duke of *Alançon*. The real truth is, it had fallen from the Prince in *Marianna*'s Chamber, by reason of the bustle that was made about him, during his Swoon; and this Maid, who had found it, took it up with an intention to restore it to him, but as yet had no opportunity to do it. But *Elizabeth*, who took every thing in the worst sence, began to imagine quite another thing, and remembring that this Maid had taken a great deal of pains to bring the Duke to himself again, she was perswaded, that the Prince, having been told of her earnestness, had been willing to acknowledge it by the present of that Ring.

Ring. 'Tis true, that this ſuſpicion was not very reaſonable; but it found ſuch eaſie entrance into her miſtruſtful and jealous mind, that ſhe never took the trouble of informing her ſelf of the truth, and did not at all doubt, but that the matter was as ſhe had imagined it. She had much rather the Duke had ſacrificed that Ring to the Princeſs, than made a liberality of that nature. This pretended ſcorn ſeemed to her the moſt ſenſible affront that ſhe could ever receive: her eyes immediately ſparkled with anger, and the rage that had ſeized her heart, ſoon ſhew'd it ſelf in her countenance. The firſt thing that came into her mind was to break up the Aſſembly, and to ſtay until the Duke came to fetch her, that ſhe might make him a thouſand reproaches; but knowing that *Marimus*'s Life was in her hands, ſhe had rather be re-

revenged than complain, and her reſentment was no longer of a nature to break out without ſome effect.

She was no ſooner dreſt, but ſhe goes into her Cloſet, opens a Casket, takes out a pair of poiſoned Gloves, which ſhe had been careful to furniſh her ſelf with, and with that horrid precaution ſhe expected the Duke, who in a moment after came to wait upon her to the Ball.

This Aſſembly was one of the fineſt that could be ſeen. All the Ladies were dreſſed according to the Queen's example, and their eyes were dazled with the ſplendour of the Jewels that ſparkled from all parts. The Duke of *Alançon* never appeared with a better meen; the Converſation he had had with *Marianna*, had given him a Fond of joy, that inſpired him with an air much more gallant than

than uſual, and it ſeemed that all the Ladies had fixed their eyes only on him, as all the Men had on *Marianna*. Nevertheleſs that Princeſs appeared a little ſad and negligent, in a place that ſeemed appointed for mirth; either by reaſon of the accident that had hapned to the Duke of *Alançon* in her Chamber, or elſe it was ſome ſecret preſage of the misfortune which threatned her. But neither her melancholy, nor her negligence could hinder her from obſcuring all that was beautiful in the Room, and as often as ſhe danced, ſhe did it with ſo much Grace, and Majeſty, that ſhe filled all thoſe with love, and admiration, who did not look upon her with envy. She pleaſed but too much, and it is to be wiſht, for her ſake, that all her Charms had forſaken her, e're they had rendred *Elizabeth's* jealouſie ſo fatal to her.

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The Duke of *Alançon*, who had reſolved to obſerve an entire complaiſance towards the Queen, could not poſſibly do it; his eyes ſuffered themſelves inſenſibly to follow the inclinations of his heart; and notwithſtanding his endeavours to bring them back upon *Elizabeth*, as ſoon as he gave them a little liberty, they turned themſelves upon *Marianna*. This diviſion could not be done without a great deal of diſtraction; *Elizabeth* jeered him for it, as if he had not been yet well recovered out of his Trance. The Duke deſiring to hinder her from gueſſing at the true cauſe of his melancholly, agreed to what the Queen told him. Afterwards the Converſation being entirely turned, upon the accident that had befallen the Prince, every Man declared his Opinion of it. The Princeſs, who was unwilling to

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be far from the Queen, believed that ſhe had no better way to take in that perplexity, than to expreſs, as well as others, the aſtoniſhment ſhe conceived at ſo extraordinary a matter. *As for my own part* (ſaid ſhe with that deſign) *I believe that Roſes would be more likely to recover me out of a Trance, than to make me fall into one. I generally love all manner of ſweets, but the ſcent of that Flower pleaſes me above all others.* *Elizabeth* deſired only ſome pretence to bring about that horrid deſign which ſhe had in her mind. She thought this occaſion the moſt proper in the world, to make with a good grace the fatal Preſent ſhe deſtined for the Princeſs. *I am very glad that you love ſweet ſmells* (ſaid ſhe unto her, in taking out the Gloves ſhe had brought along, and giving them her) *how agreeable ſo-*

ever

ever you find the ſcent of Roſes, I am perſwaded that this Perfume will pleaſe you much more. The ſmell of theſe Gloves was really as agreeable, as the Poiſon was ſubtil.

Marianna was immediately charmed with them, ſhe could not forbear ſmelling them; and as ſhe commended them very much; *I give them you with all my heart* (ſaid the Queen to her) *ſince they pleaſe you, and you will oblige me extreamly to accept of them.* The Princeſs, who was far from miſtruſting ſo horrid a treachery, received that mortal preſent with joy, and taking off her own Gloves immediately, from her hands, to put thoſe on, as if ſhe had been of the Plot together with the Queen, to deſtroy her ſelf, ſhe gave the Poiſon time enough to work its effect. The Duke of *Alançon* was accidentally taken

taken out to dance, in the moment that all this paſt between *Elizabeth*, and the Princeſs. She found her ſelf very much indiſpoſed that very Evening, her Sickneſs increaſed in the night, and on the morrow it became ſo violent, that they began to be in fear for her life.

This ſad News was ſoon ſpread all abroad, the Duke of *Alançon* was not the laſt who heard it; he ran immediately to the Princeſs's Lodgings to be better informed of it: But, O God! what was his amaſement, when entring into her Chamber, he ſaw her in a Bed, with Five or Six Women about her, who were melting in tears: He cryed out at that ſight, and thereby awaked the Princeſs out of a profound Slumber, which they had in vain endeavoured to do. As ſoon as ſhe perceived the Prince, ſhe turned her eyes languiſh-

guiſhingly upon him, as if his voice had reached rather her heart than her ears; and the Duke accoſting her with excuſes, for the liberty which the ſad news he had heard, had made him take. *You have done me a pleaſure* (ſaid ſhe to him with a weak voice) *in coming to ſee me, and I am glad to converſe with you once more before I die. Ah, Madam, what is it you ſay* (cried out the Duke, quite beſides himſelf.) *It is with grief I tell it you* (replied the Princeſs) *but I plainly perceive that I am poiſoned.* Elizabeth *has reſtored my liberty only to deprive me of life, and her cruelty hath ſtaid until I had ſeen and loved you, to make me die with regret.*

Theſe words cauſed ſo violent a grief in the Duke of *Alançon*, that his countenance was quite altered with it; ſo that the Princeſs having perceived it; *I knew you*

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But alas! (purſued he, interrupting himſelf) *ſhall I never utter any predictions, but what are fatal to you, and am I come hither only to redouble your terrours, inſtead of giving you ſome comfort: No, no, Madam* (continued he) Elizabeth *is not ſo cruel as you imagine; think only on your recovery, and if it be true, that I am not altogether indifferent to you, be careful of my life, by preſerving your own.*

Inſtead of anſwering theſe words, the Princeſs would imploy the little time ſhe had left, in informing her ſelf of a thing, which ſhe had never perfectly underſtood; and perceiving that the Duke ſpoke of a diſcourſe, which he ſaid he had held with her during her impriſonment, and calling to mind, that ſhe had heard him frequently ſay the like things, which ſhe had never comprehend-

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ed, she desired an explanation of it, telling him that she knew not what he meant; that he must be either deceived, or else that there lay some mystery hidden under it, of which they both were ignorant. The Duke hearing her talk after that manner, began to believe that she was very ill, since she had lost the remembrance of a thing so fresh, which, as he thought, was not of a nature to be easily forgot. So that desiring to refresh her memory, he related to her all the Circumstances of that enterview; and a great part of the things he believed he had said to her. But the Princess still persisting to affirm, that she remembred no such thing, she asked about what time it was; and the Duke having told her, she remembred that it was about that time when the Queen came to see her, and when she lay in the Castle; and calling to

mind

to be ſo generous (purſued ſhe) *that I eaſily believed you would be concerned at this my laſt misfortune, ſince you were ſo much moved at my others; I alſo confeſs unto you, that I am more ſenſible of this for your ſake, than I ſhould otherwiſe be; the loſs of life is indifferent to me; but to loſe you afflicts me; and I wiſh with all my heart, that either they had given me my death ſooner, or had ſuffered me now to live longer.*

The Duke of *Alançon* could hear nothing more agreeable, or more tormenting all at a time. Though the Converſation he had held the day before with the Princeſs, had been very full of tenderneſs; yet ſhe had never ſaid any thing ſo obliging as at that inſtant. But all theſe marks of Affection, which at another time would have fill'd him with joy, now adding only what was

poſſi-

poſſible to his ſorrow. *Alas, Madam* (cried he ſtill quite tranſported) *who would ever have believed that you could have given me affliction, by telling me that you love me? Say rather that you mortally hate me, if it be true that I muſt loſe you; and conceal from me a good Fortune, that can be no otherwiſe uſeful to me, than to render me the moſt miſerable of Men.* In ending theſe words, he let himſelf fall upon the Princeſs's Bed, and remained ſome time without ſpeaking. Afterwards, as if he had come out of a profound contemplation; *I have told you with much truth, Madam* (ſaid he again, almoſt without conſidering what he was about to ſay) *that the Perfidious* Elizabeth *would not be long e're ſhe made you feel the effects of her hatred, and if you remember the diſcourſe I had with you, during your Impriſonment*———

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But alas! (purſued he, interrupting himſelf) *ſhall I never utter any predictions, but what are fatal to you, and am I come hither only to redouble your terrours, inſtead of giving you ſome comfort: No, no, Madam* (continued he) Elizabeth *is not ſo cruel as you imagine; think only on your recovery, and if it be true, that I am not altogether indifferent to you, be careful of my life, by preſerving your own.*

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mind

mind likewiſe, what her Confident had told her upon that ſubject, in the diſcourſes they had held together, ſhe began to ſuſpect the truth of all that Adventure, and to believe, that the Duke of *Alançon* might have been conducted into Queen *Elizabeth*'s Chamber, either by a miſtake or otherwiſe. The Duke for his part, conſidering afreſh all that had paſt in that rencounter, the coldneſs of that Perſon to whom he had ſpoken, the Counſels ſhe had given him, the tone of her voice, and a thouſand other things that then preſented themſelves to his mind, he plainly perceived, that he had been betrayed. *O God* (cried he out) *how dearly will this diſcovery coſt me! and what cauſe ſhall I have to wiſh that I had remained eternally in the error wherein I was?*

After-

Afterwards proceeding to make reflections on the Princeſs's enlargement, on the falſe marks of Friendſhip which *Elizabeth* had given her, on the dark words which he had heard her ſay, and which had eſcaped her diſſimulation; he clearly ſaw, that *Marianna*'s ſuſpicions were but too juſt; but that which afflicted him moſt, was the thought, that if this unhappy Princeſs chanced to die, he ſhould be in ſome ſort the cauſe of her deſtruction, and that he himſelf ſhould have armed the Queen's cruelty againſt her; this reflection made him almoſt deſpair. *Ah, Madam* (cried he out once more with a voice that plainly ſhew'd the exceſs of his ſorrow) *what is it I ſee? and what horrid misfortune do you make me look upon?* Then his eyes having met the Princeſs's, he obſerved, in the midſt of their languiſhing, I know not

what of tenderneſs, confounded with the Symptoms of approaching Death. That ſight had compleated his confuſion, if the Queen's arrival, who in that moment entred, had not reſtored him to all his ſtrength, by rouzing up his anger. That cruel Woman came to feed her ſelf with the pleaſure of her Revenge, upon pretence of enquiring after the Princeſs's health. It was a ſevere addition of ſorrow to theſe two Lovers, to ſee themſelves obliged ſtill to counterfeit in the condition wherein they were. The Duke of *Alançon*'s heart was already too much rent with the agitation of love and ſorrow, without the acceſſion of hate and anger, that came to augment his trouble; there wanted little of his breaking out that very moment againſt the Queen; but a little remainder of hope obliging him to reſtrain himſelf,

himſelf, and not being able otherwiſe to ſuſtain the ſhock of thoſe violent paſſions, wherewith he was moved, he went away for ſome time from *Marianna*'s Bed, and left *Elizabeth* alone with her. The Princeſs turned her head to the other ſide, as ſoon as ſhe perceived her; and when the Queen asked her how ſhe did, ſhe gave her no anſwer. *I pray you* (ſaid *Elizabeth* again) *tell me how you find your ſelf? I entreat you, Madam* (ſaid the Princeſs at laſt) *that you would let me die in repoſe, and that you would grant me at leaſt in theſe my laſt minutes, what you have denied me during my life. She raves without doubt*, ſaid the Queen in quitting her, and approaching ſome of her Maids, who in the Affliction wherein they were, could not endure her preſence without incredible pain.

The Duke of *Alançon* was in the mean time leaning upon a Window, that looked into the Court of the Palace, as well to hide the tears that rolled down from his eyes, as to have a pretence of not speaking to the Queen, whom he cared not for seeing in the condition wherein he was. He remained in that posture until the Physicians who were sent for were arrived. He again approached *Marianna*'s Bed along with them, and expected their opinion with a trouble and agitation impossible to be represented. But alas! his fears did not last long, and he soon saw himself in that unhappy state wherein fear is laid aside, because there is no longer room left for hope. *Marianna* was again relapsed into a Lethargy more dangerous than the first, and the poison either accomplishing its work, or those the Queens Physicians

ſicians ſerving for new Miniſters of her cruelty, this fair Princeſs expir'd in a moment after between their hands. The Duke of *Alançon* was ſo beſides himſelf, that he perceived hér not to breathe her laſt, and ſhe was already dead while he made a thouſand vows for her ſafety. But the poor *Meneville* having made a great outcry at that moment, which was immediately followed by an infinite number of others; the Duke of *Alançon* was not long e're he knew of his misfortune: it would be in vain to endeavour to repreſent the Prince's deſpair. Violent ſorrows are hardly felt, much leſs can they be expreſſed. To love one deſperately, to underſtand that he is beloved again, and to ſee her die at the ſame time for a fault, which he thinks himſelf the cauſe of, is without doubt the moſt ſevere torment whereof a

man can be capable; and ſuch it was, which the Duke of *Alançon* received in the Princeſs *Marianna's* death. He remained for ſome time at her Beds-feet with his eyes fixed upon her countenance, which death had not at all disfigured, and while the Chamber reſounded with cries and groans, he alone appeared unſenſible, through an exceſs of ſenſibility. But at length the violence of his grief breaking out all on a ſudden, and opening a paſſage for ſighs and tears: *She is dead* (cried he out) *and I ſtill live! Oh Heaven! either reſtore me* Marianna, *or take away my life.* The Prince's paſſion having been unknown almoſt to all, that unexpected tranſport did ſo much amaze all thoſe who were Witneſſes of it, that their lamentations ceaſed for ſome time. But their ſurpriſe was much greater, when he beginning again to ſpeak,

and

and turning towards *Elizabeth* with a furious action, said to her, *Finish, cruel* Elizabeth, *finish what thou hast begun, and put to death what is left of that fair Princess, by depriving me of life.*

The Queen had hitherto continued sitting on a Chair, which was by the Princess's Bed-side, with all the signs of a person really afflicted: Her eyes were all bedewed with tears, whilst her heart was bathed in joy, and if any thing did testifie her affliction to be counterfeit, it was the excess of it. This dissimulation served her as a pretence for another; for pretending not to have heard what the Duke told her, she redoubled her cries instead of answering his transport. The Prince who had no reason now to restrain himself, could no longer endure so vexatious a Comedy. *Is it, Madam, because you are not satisfied*

ſatisfied (ſaid he, approaching her) *that you weep, and do you ſtill want ſome other Victim? It ſhall not be my fault, that your cruelty be not ſatisfied, and if your tears demand blood, I reſign unto you with pleaſure a life, which you have found the means to render a hundred thouſand times more grievous to me than death.*

Inſult not over a miſerable Woman (ſaid *Elizabeth*, carrying on her diſſimulation to the utmoſt) *and if you ſeek only a pretence to break with me——*

You have long ſince (interrupted the Duke) *delivered me out of that pain; and it is the only favour I could have expected from you, after having known you. Go on, Madam* (purſued he all in a rage and fury) *enjoy in peace a Crown uſurped. I do not envy you the fruit of your treachery, and perfidiouſneſs. The Princeſs was ſhe whom I held dear-*

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eſt in the World, nay more, I loved her as much as I hate you. You have robbed me of her. There would be nothing but the deſire of revenge, that could ſtay me in England; *but I muſt have recourſe to ways leſs infamous than yours, and your example ſhall never inſtruct me in the art of Poiſon and Treaſon.*

He departed out of the Chamber at the end of theſe words, without giving the Queen time to anſwer him. As ſoon as he was arrived at his own Lodgings, he ſent for *du Lac.* The ſight of a man, who knew the whole ſecret of his heart, opening a freſh paſſage for his complaints, he cried out, *She is dead, the fair* Marianna *is dead.* He repeated theſe words ſeveral times, but in a way ſo ſad, and ſo moving, that *Elizabeth* her ſelf would have been ſoftned at it. This News ſurpriſed that Gentleman, as much as may be imagined, and he hardly believing it; *'Tis but too true* (ſaid the Duke) *I ſaw her expire with my own eyes, and grief has not yet wrought in me, the ſame effect as the poiſon which took away her life.* Then he remained ſilent for ſome time, but beginning again

gain in a moment after, he cried out, *Cruel* Elizabeth, *why haſt thou not involved me in this misfortune? would it have coſt thee more to deſtroy me along with her, than to deſtroy her alone? It was againſt me that thy fury ought to have broke out. I alone was criminal, if to hate thee be a crime. But without doubt thou wert too much enraged againſt me, to take away together with my life, the ſenſe of ſo grievous a loſs. Thou haſt not ſuffered me to live, but to make the pleaſure of thy revenge laſt the longer*; and then ſtopping for a while, *'Twas very juſt* (ſaid he again) *that I ſhould remain in the World, to mourn for her; there is none in* Elizabeth's *Court, who dares to pay that diſmal duty to her memory. I muſt live to revenge and mourn for her*: Marianna *ſhould be no longer loved nor regretted without me.* Elizabeth *would be no longer hated, as much as ſhe deſerves, and her cruelty would remain unpuniſhed.*

He lamented thus a great while, and *du Lac*, who was no leſs afflicted than himſelf, durſt not interrupt him, either becauſe he plainly perceived it would be in vain, or becauſe he was ap-

apprehenſive of ſharpning his Affliction. At laſt, after he had kept ſilence for ſome time, he cried out as if he had come to ſome ſudden Reſolution. *But what probability is there of living, after having loſt the only perſon who could make me love life? let me rather ſeek in the dangers of War the death which* Elizabeth *refuſes me, or a Revenge that is not found in Lamentations.* Marianna *is dead; ſince ſhe is no longer in the World, all places of the Earth are indifferent to me. The preſence only of* Elizabeth *is unſupportable, let us then fly that Monſter's ſight: or rather let us ſearch for her, to waſh in her blood the blackeſt Treaſon that ever was committed.*

He did indeed depart that very day, together with *du Lac*, who did endeavour all he could to comfort him upon the way, without any ſucceſs. His complaints never ceaſed, but to give a freer courſe to his tears; and when they were quite drained, he fell into ſo profound a Melancholy, that the Ladies of the *French* Court, who had ſeen him ſo gallant before his Voyage, could not be without extream amazement at ſo extraordinary an alteration.

Some

Some time after his return, he received some Letters, by which the Revolted of the *Netherlands* did earnestly sollicite him to come, and put himself again at their head. He, who hoped to find in the Revolutions of that War, some overtures for the revenge he was in contemplation of, made no difficulty to satisfie the desires of those People; and without doubt, this young Prince's valour would not have been less fatal to the *Spaniards* at this time than at the other, if he had been in a condition to fight heartily against any other enemies than *Elizabeth*. He did his utmost endeavours in the Conferences he held with the Principal Lords of the Country, to animate them against her, but they not having the same reasons to hate her as himself, would not take up his resentments: the vexation he conceived at it encreased his Melancholly, and at last being not able to resist so many different causes of affliction, he fell dangerously ill at *Château Thierri*, and soon after died in the flower of his Age, esteemed and lamented by all the World, *Elizabeth* alone excepted, who was very glad to see her self delivered of so formidable an Enemy.

FINIS.